

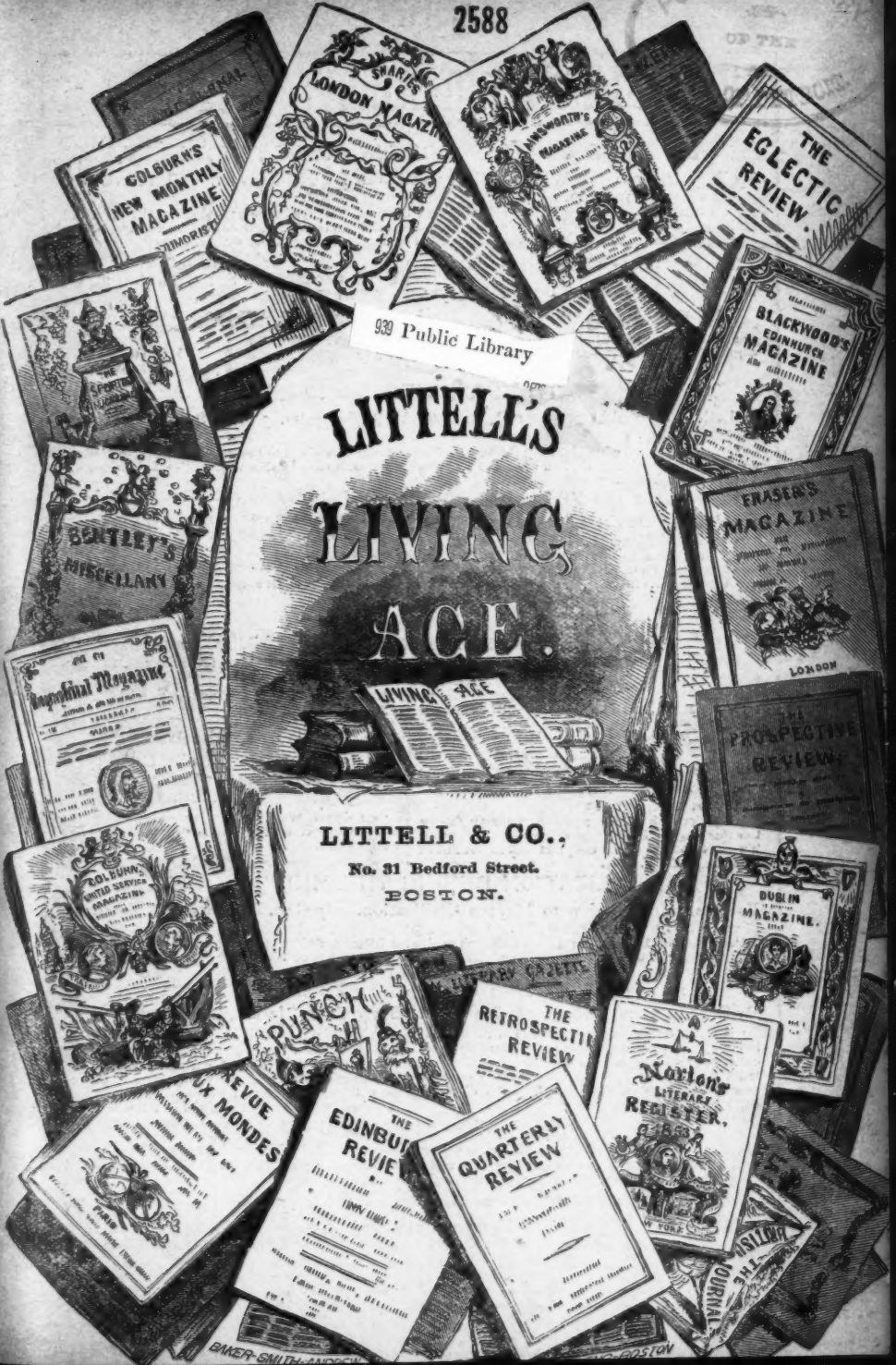
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Vol. 00. }

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THE SOUL'S OPPORTUNITY.

My friend the kindly champion of his kind,
Who loves not God, or loves him un-
aware,

Loving in man whatever is most fair,
Said lightly : " Him whom men adore I find
Less worshipful than is the adoring mind.

Poorly his deeds, that cost him nought,
compare

With splendor of the lowliest soul that
e'er

Bore others' pain and its own bliss re-
signed !"

Friend, is this truth ? The more effulgent,
then,

Blazes the magnanimity of God,
Who, making steep our path and hard to
ken,

With doubts begirt us and with weakness
shod,

Since thus alone was possible to men

A peak of glory not himself had trod.

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

TO A. H.

CONSTANTINOPLE (1850).

WHAT boots it that thine eye be bright,
Thy bosom fair, thy footsteps light,
Since I must never see

That eye beam brightly me to greet,
That step bound lightly me to meet,
That bosom heave for me ?

Albeit, indifferent as thou art,
I would have clasped that icy heart
As closely to my own

As he of old embraced the form,
Which grew beneath the kisses warm,
When love gave life to stone.

How few in this cold world have met
The one of whom they dreamt ; and yet
To waste the dreary hours

In a lone wild were not such woe
As to have met that one, and know
She never can be ours.

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BY LORD BUY-WRONG.

AIR—" *Maid of Athens.*"

MADE by Germans, horrid trash,
Give, oh give me back my cash ;

Or, since that has left my purse,
Keep it and accept my curse.
Hear me swear before I quit
Words improper to be writ !

Buy those razors undesigned
For the shaving of mankind ?
Buy those shoes of jetty hue,
Made of paper, stuck with glue ?
No, for folks would call my kit
Words improper to be writ !

Buy just what will suit my taste ?
Buy those diamonds made of paste ?
Buy all the wretched foreign heap
Of things that England can't make cheap ?
I answer only, as is fit,
Words improper to be writ !

Made by Germans ! I've been "had"
By a clerk, a German lad ;
Who, to man's estate when grown,
Bagged my business as his own.
May I not then utter — yes,
Words improper for the press !

Punch.

THE RIVALS.

MAN's good and evil angels came to dwell
As housemates, at his board and hearth
alway ;

One, secret as the night, one, frank as
day,

Both lovely, and in puissance matched full
well.

Each hourly strove her sleepless foe to
quell,

And ever and anon the bright fiend lay
Foiled, and her countenance, racked with
sick dismay,

Changed, and its tyrannous beauty mask-
like fell.

Ah, could man's thought forever fix and
stay
That glimpse of horrors he might quake
to tell,

'Twere easy, then, the temptress to repel !
But 'neath the glorious mask and brave
array

How shall he know thee, leprous witch
of hell,

Robed to allure and fanged to rend and
slay ?

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

RARELY in these prosaic days do we find a figure in which is centred all the interest and romance of the departed age of chivalry. The world, as heretofore, is not wanting in great men; our age yields to none that have gone before it in magnificent achievement; but the romantic element is absent, and the poet or historical novelist of the future will pass over the latter end of the nineteenth century when in search of an attractive hero. An exception will perhaps be made for Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Every attribute that can kindle the historic imagination or touch the chords of human sympathy will be found united in the person of the first Bulgarian sovereign. Youth, beauty, valor, distinction, and a rare personal amiability—all were his; in his brief career were compressed as in a drama the vicissitudes of a long lifetime—hope and disappointment, blighted love, the brilliant success of a moment, followed by a tragic downfall and retirement into comparative obscurity. Before he was thirty Prince Alexander had learned the lesson which most men only master when their hairs are grey. His premature death seems a fitting termination to an existence which had realized too soon the conditions of human destiny.

I do not propose to write a biographical sketch of Prince Alexander, or to enter minutely into the details of his private life in accordance with the growing tradition of our Americanized literature. It is rather as the first sovereign of the young Bulgarian nation that I wish to speak of him here. The services rendered by Prince Alexander to his adopted country were splendid and distinguished. The future historian, indeed, will hardly allow him the title of great; his faults were undoubtedly many, but his position was one of exceptional difficulty, and few men with his youth and inexperience would have committed so few errors or conquered so many obstacles. Prince Alexander was by no means a mere soldier, as some have imagined. He

possessed no inconsiderable talent for diplomacy, a gift which laid him open more than once to the charge of insincerity. His intuitive insight and perception of character developed rapidly during the short period of his rule in Bulgaria, and displayed itself sometimes in a way that astonished those with whom he was daily brought into contact. In dealing with Orientals, he could show upon occasion a subtlety and acuteness of which the open frankness of his manner betrayed no symptom; and those who believed they had outwitted him sometimes discovered that the tables had been turned upon themselves. His principal fault as a ruler was a want of resolution and tenacity of purpose, qualities essential to success in any career, and indispensable to the leader of a people in whose nature these characteristics form a striking ingredient.

It is difficult to estimate the exact amount of popularity which Prince Alexander enjoyed amongst the Bulgarians. Tall, handsome, well made, noble in aspect and amiable in manner, he was the type and impersonation of that *ἡρώς ἐπαρσις* with which Homer clothes his heroes, and which, as a rule, enthralled the affections of the multitude. But the Bulgarians are an unimpressionable people, and their hatred and suspicion of foreigners amount to a passion. They welcomed their young prince with, for them, a wonderful display of enthusiasm, spontaneous and genuine, no doubt, but perhaps as much inspired by self-congratulation over their newly acquired liberty as by devotion to their future sovereign. They had learned before the prince's arrival that his family had objected to the ultra-democratic character of the constitution bestowed on them by Russia, and during his first journey through the country the young ruler of Bulgaria passed beneath triumphal arches on which the ominous words, "Constitution of Tirnovo," figured in large letters. The political honeymoon was already dimmed by a cloud; it was an omen of the trouble that was to come. During the first five years of

his reign Prince Alexander can hardly be said to have possessed any real popularity. He was a foreigner—a *tschuzhdenetz*, a German and a Protestant. The people, taciturn, suspicious, ignorant, and unresponsive, regarded him with indifference, if not with distrust; it was hard for them to unlearn the lesson which they had been taught from childhood by their priests and by Russian emissaries—that the great orthodox czar was the real ruler of Bulgaria. Whatever advantages accrued to him from his personal charm, his sincerity of motive, and his honest efforts to promote the welfare of the country were neutralized by the systematic detraction to which he was exposed on the part of the Russians and the rival Bulgarian politicians, who dragged his name into all their disputes, and bandied it to and fro with a total disregard of decency. It was not till September, 1885, when he came forward as the champion of a united Bulgaria, that he began to feel himself in touch with the national sentiment. From this date also began his popularity with the army, for it was then that the Russian officers, who occupied all the superior posts, were withdrawn by order of the czar. It was not till Prince Alexander had bidden them a final farewell that the Bulgarians began to appreciate his real merit: *virtutem incolumem odimus, sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi*.

It was in February, 1879, that the young Prussian lieutenant, then living in a modest lodging in Potsdam, learned that his uncle, the czar liberator, had recommended him to the Bulgarians as their sovereign. There was much to make him pause before accepting the proffered crown. His father, Prince Alexander of Hesse, raised objections, urging that the constitution bestowed by Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff, the Russian governor, upon Bulgaria was so extravagantly liberal that the government of the country would be all but impossible. The author of the constitution, indeed, was of the same opinion, for when leaving Bulgaria after Prince Alexander's election, he

declared that the mines were already laid. Prince Bismarck was hardly encouraging when he told the young officer that he might as well go to Bulgaria, as his stay there would provide him with an interesting reminiscence in after life. But the prospect of a throne was too tempting to be resisted, and hope is strong at two-and-twenty.

Towards the end of July the prince found himself installed in the capital of his realm. He took up his abode in the crazy old Turkish *konak*, for there was then no palace and scarcely a decent house in Sophia. For the purposes of Russian strategy, and in view of the future march into Macedonia, the seat of government had been fixed in a bleak and mountainous corner of Bulgaria. The young sovereign was not long in experiencing the difficulties which beset the constitutional ruler of a newly formed State. He had hardly time to make the acquaintance of his Russian and Bulgarian *entourage* when he found himself caught in the vortex of a violent political struggle.

Duly mindful of his obligations to Russia, the prince, in selecting his first ministry, sought the advice of the Russian consul-general, Davidoff, at whose suggestion he formed a Cabinet of Conservative politicians. Even then Bulgaria had a Conservative and a Liberal party. The Conservatives were a handful of fairly educated and cultivated men, whose assimilation of Western ideas put them out of sympathy with the majority of their countrymen. The Liberal represented the crude radicalism of the petty traders, schoolmasters, and lawyers in the towns—the peasants had no political opinions at all—and in virtue of their superior numbers claimed to speak in the name of the country at large. Their cry was "Bulgaria for the Bulgarians;" they represented home-grown philistinism as opposed to foreign culture, and they included a large anti-Russian contingent in their ranks. They were typical of the reaction which had taken place in a country just delivered from centuries of despotism; intoxicated with newly won freedom, they knew noth-

ing of the restraints which are essential to real liberty. They were in a large majority in the Sobranye, which assembled soon after the prince's arrival, and they showed their disapprobation of the ministers he had chosen by howling them down the moment they attempted to speak. The prince, after vain attempts at compromise, dissolved the Chamber.

It was an unfortunate beginning, which had the effect of placing the prince from the outset in opposition to the national party. The fault, however, lay with his Russian and Conservative advisers. The Bulgarians never forgive and never forget; and I believe that Tzankoff, Karaveloff, and other prominent men among the Liberals, ever after regarded Prince Alexander with mistrust, notwithstanding an apparent reconciliation. The next Sobranye was even more Liberal and Radical than its predecessor, and the prince, accepting the inevitable, formed an administration under Tzankoff and Karaveloff. Then began a fierce campaign against foreigners in general and the Russians in particular; the Radical and ultra-Bulgarian faction now in power made a wholesale clearance of the officials appointed by the late government; they passed an alien law, and ejected foreigners from every lucrative position. The Russians, who had hitherto enjoyed the beatitude of possession, and who regarded Bulgaria as an El Dorado reserved for their special benefit, made a stout resistance, and a state of chaos ensued which rendered all good government impossible.

At this time M. Hitrovo, the evil genius of Bulgaria, came to Sophia as Russian consul-general; and Prince Alexander, wearied of the struggle with an unrestricted democracy, obtained the consent of the czar Alexander III., who had succeeded to the throne after the murder of his father in March, 1881, to an alteration of the Constitution of Tirnovo. On the 9th May the prince announced that he had assumed absolute power, and appointed the Russian General Ernroth sole minister, charging him with the duty of

holding the elections for the Grand Sobranye, which was to decide upon the constitutional question. The general did his work with a thoroughness that left nothing to be desired; the Liberal leaders and wire-pullers were cowed or imprisoned, and the cudgel was employed as an electioneering agent with the most satisfactory results. An Assembly ready to vote for any project laid before it met at Sistova; in a single sitting the Tirnovo Constitution was abolished, or rather suspended, and Prince Alexander was invested with absolute power for a period of seven years.

The *coup d'état* of 1881 was the most serious fault of Prince Alexander's reign. It was accomplished with the best intentions, and the prince, during the period of absolute rule, was able to carry out many excellent measures, which have been of permanent advantage to the country. But it infuriated the Bulgarian politicians, the small group of Conservatives excepted, while it led almost immediately to a serious conflict with Russia. Hitherto the prince, notwithstanding numerous provocations, had acted loyally by the power to which, as he always said, he owed his throne; and now that he was installed as an absolute sovereign with her help and concurrence it might have been expected that all would go well. The reverse, however, was what took place.

Almost from the day of his arrival at Sophia the prince had been subjected to various annoyances and humiliations by the representatives of official Russia in Bulgaria. Young and inexperienced, he was perhaps simple enough to imagine that he would be allowed to play a tolerably independent rôle in his new position. He was soon, however, given to understand that he was expected to act the part of a crowned nonentity. The Russian war minister, Parenzoff, talked good-naturedly of the *bon jeune prince*, and told the officers that as he had found him to be a very nice fellow they might address him with the title "Highness." The faction which Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff left behind

him did its utmost to make things unpleasant for the German intruder. The prince, however, could depend upon the benevolence of his uncle, the czar; one by one the Russian officials, civil and military, who opposed and thwarted him at every step, were recalled to St. Petersburg, where they joined the ranks as the clique which systematically traduced him and represented him as disloyal to the interests of Russia.

The accession of Alexander III. changed the aspect of affairs. Among the many excellent qualities which distinguish the present autocrat of all the Russias, liberality of sentiment and a readiness to forgive are by no means conspicuous. A long-standing jealousy, dating from the time of their boyhood, existed between the cousins, and the breach was afterwards widened, so they say in Bulgaria, by the machinations of a woman. Prince Alexander had the fatal gift of beauty; and the vindictiveness of wounded feminine vanity, the *spretæ injuria formæ*, was once more a source of calamity to men and nations. For a few months after the present czar's accession no change was visible in the relations of the two courts, and Alexander III. not only sanctioned the *coup d'état*, but consented to the withdrawal of Hitrovo, whose intrigues had become intolerable.

The catastrophe, however, was approaching. Immediately after the departure of Hitrovo the czar sent two Russian generals — Soboleff and Kaulbars — to aid the prince in administering Bulgaria under the new system. This was done at the request of Prince Alexander, who found it impossible to carry out his scheme of governing the country with a composite ministry, inasmuch as the Liberals and Radicals absolutely refused to take any part in the government. The generals, however, were entrusted with a mission of which Prince Alexander, at the time of their appointment, entertained no suspicion. That mission was of a twofold character, military and political. The task of General Kaulbars was to carry out the plans of General Obrutcheff, who had recently become chief of the

staff at St. Petersburg, by converting Bulgaria into a military outpost of Russia. This was to be done, in the first place, by the construction of strategical railways from the Danube to the southern frontier of Bulgaria. These lines, which would have been of little utility to Bulgarian commerce, were to be made with Bulgarian money by Russian contractors, while the Bulgarian portion of the great line from Constantinople to the west, which the principality was bound to complete by the Berlin Treaty, was to be left unfinished, as it was desirable, from the Russian point of view, to exclude Western influence from Bulgaria. The military programme also included the conversion of the Bulgarian troops into an advanced wing of the Russian army, the transference of their allegiance to the czar, and the removal of the officers who were known to be loyal to the prince.

It was hardly to be expected that Prince Alexander would fall in with these arrangements. Without consulting the generals he ordered the Bulgarian delegate at the "Quadruple Conference" at Vienna to sign the treaty for the completion of the great Orient line, thereby giving mortal offence at St. Petersburg, while he strenuously resisted General Kaulbars' proceedings at Sophia. The general accordingly proceeded to organize a mutiny in the army, but his design was frustrated by the loyal action of the Russian officers, who, to their credit be it spoken, concerned themselves little with the schemes of Muscovite diplomacy. Finally Kaulbars, with the aid of his colleague, endeavored to kidnap the prince at midnight, but the attempt failed owing to the bravery of a young Bulgarian officer of the guard, who, drawing his sword, refused the conspirators access to the prince's apartment.

The political portion of the new programme fell to General Soboleff, who now became minister of the interior. The re-establishment of Russian authority could only be brought about by the removal of the Bulgarian politi-

cians who surrounded the prince. One by one the Conservative ministers were forced to resign, and Soboleff soon succeeded in uniting all the departments of the public service — except, of course, that of war — under his own control. For six months Bulgaria was entirely under Russian government. With a view to the complete humiliation of the prince, Soboleff began to coquet with the exasperated Liberals; the flirtation, however, was unsuccessful, for the canny Bulgarians soon discovered that in the Russian Protectorate at which the general was aiming no place would be found for their palladium, the Tirnovo Constitution. The prince was quick enough to see his opportunity. He opened negotiations with Tzankoff, whom some months before he had caused to be seized in the night time and transported to the little town of Vratza across the Balkans, and effected a coalition of all the Bulgarian parties on the basis of a restoration of the Constitution. The generals, outwitted on all hands, vainly endeavored to intimidate the prince, but soon found themselves compelled to beat a hasty retreat from Bulgaria.

The breach with Russia was now complete, but a reconciliation might not have been impossible if the prince, feeling himself at last in touch with his people, had not aspired to play the part of a popular sovereign by encouraging the national aspirations. The unnatural division of the Bulgarian race, devised by Lord Beaconsfield and sanctioned at Berlin, had never been accepted as final either by the Bulgarians or the Russians. Both ardently desired the restoration of the Big Bulgaria of San Stefano, but with very different objects; the Russians aiming at the creation of a large trans-Danubian province, from which the armies of the czar might eventually march on Constantinople and Salonika, while the Bulgarians longed for the union of their race under an independent sovereign. To a young ruler of spirit and ambition the prospect of reviving the old Bulgarian empire was sufficiently tempting; and as early as 1880 it was

generally known in the principality, in eastern Roumelia, and in Macedonia, that Prince Alexander was prepared to espouse the national cause. The advent of Mr. Gladstone to power in that year excited great hopes in the Balkan peninsula; a general Bulgarian revolt was planned, and it was only in deference to the urgent dissuasion of his uncle, the czar, that Prince Alexander refrained from leading the movement. His influence, combined with that of M. Karaveloff, was sufficient to prevent an outbreak. His assumption of absolute power in the following year estranged him for the time from the eastern Roumelian and Macedonian Bulgars, who, like their brethren in the principality, were profoundly democratic in sentiment. But now he reappeared in the character of a Constitutional sovereign; the eyes of the Bulgars outside the principality were again fixed on him; the restraining influence at St. Petersburg had been removed, and he came forward as the champion of Pan-Bulgarian sentiment, the type and embodiment of the national unity.

In eastern Roumelia, under the mild rule of Aleko Pasha, the political situation formed almost an exact parallel to that in Bulgaria. There were the Conservatives, who called themselves Unionists, and the Radicals, who described themselves frankly as Occasionists, or office-seekers. Both parties were eager for the union with the principality, but the faction, which for the time being was in power, was unwilling to risk the sweets of office by embarking in any hazardous adventure. Under Krstovitch, Aleko's successor, the Conservatives gained the upper hand, and the Radicals, who described their opponents as Pseudo-Unionists, began as a matter of course to conspire for the overthrow of Krstovitch and the accomplishment of the union. In the secret conclaves which were held during the spring and summer of 1885 the official representatives of Russia played a leading part. It was the object of Russia to employ the Unionist movement for the overthrow of Prince

Alexander, whose position as a Bulgarian sovereign could no longer be maintained if he could once be represented as opposed to the national aspirations. Accordingly, while the Russian consul-general at Philippopolis cultivated the closest relations with the conspirators, and attended midnight meetings in secret places, his colleague at Sophia did his utmost to prevent the prince from lending any countenance to the movement. Meantime the Bulgarian conspirators took all the advantage they could from Russian aid, but they never revealed the whole of their plan to their allies. Russia wanted the union without Prince Alexander; they wanted the union and Prince Alexander as well. In the end the Russians, as usual, were completely outwitted by the Bulgarians.

A few days before the outbreak of the revolution Prince Alexander, on his return from a visit to London, met M. de Giers, by arrangement, at Franzensbad. The Russian statesman was, no doubt, far better informed than the prince as to the true state of affairs in eastern Roumelia, but he held out the prospect of a reconciliation with Russia in return for a promise on the part of the prince that he would abstain from lending any encouragement to a revolutionary movement. That promise was broken, whatever may be asserted by the sympathetic writers who have dealt with the prince's career. But if ever there was justification for breaking a promise it existed in this case. Prince Alexander was dealing with treacherous foes, of whose designs he was perfectly aware. He was between Scylla and Charybdis. If he opposed the desire of the whole Bulgarian nation his crown and his life would be in danger. If he supported the revolution he faced an almost equal risk, together with the certainty of being denounced to Europe as a violator of treaties and a disturber of peace. He was given little time for reflection. Travelling without a halt from Franzensbad to Shumla, and thence to Varna, he received at the latter place two envoys, whom the revolutionary leaders at Philippopolis

had despatched without the knowledge of their Russian confederates, and who informed him that the "Komita" had decided that the revolution should take place on the 18th September, with or without his consent as the case might be. These tidings placed him in a position of the greatest difficulty. He believed that the outbreak would be followed by anarchy and bloodshed, by a Turkish invasion, and a repetition of the horrors of 1876. He considered that he alone could act as intermediary between the sultan and his revolted subjects, and that he alone could guarantee the preservation of order in eastern Roumelia. He resolved to throw in his lot with the conspirators, who on the 14th September — four days before the revolution, and not after it, as has been stated — were in possession of his decision, and were greatly encouraged thereby.

The events which followed are well known, and need not be related here. The revolution of Philippopolis was accomplished without the shedding of blood, and on the 21st September Prince Alexander made his triumphal entry into the eastern Roumelian capital. On the 7th September, in the following year, he signed his abdication and quitted Bulgaria forever. The intervening twelvemonth was crowded with momentous events, and Bulgaria became a centre-point of interest to the civilized world. During this trying period Prince Alexander was entirely in his element as a soldier and a man of action, and he also displayed unexpected ability as a statesman and diplomatist. Exposed to the active hostility of Russia, in danger of a Turkish invasion, deserted by the great powers except England, and actually attacked by Servia, the young nation seemed to have approached the verge of destruction. But Prince Alexander never despaired, and in the arduous struggle he was admirably supported by his people. The optimism which forms a charming feature in the Bulgarian character, never displayed itself to better advantage than at this perilous epoch.

The principal danger in the first in-

stance lay on the side of Turkey, but Turkey fortunately did nothing. The urgent advice of the Russian ambassador at Constantinople—that Turkey should reconquer the revolted province—only aroused the suspicion of the Porte. Greece was threatening, a Bulgarian revolt in Macedonia was certain to take place, and, after all, it was hardly worth while to fight for a province which had only been nominally subject to Turkish rule. At first, however, a Turkish invasion seemed imminent, and the Bulgarian troops were mobilized and hurried to the frontier. Then came what seemed to be a crushing blow—the withdrawal of the Russian officers in the Bulgarian army by order of the czar. The best of armies might be rendered inefficient by the removal of all its senior officers, but the young Bulgarian subalterns, with the optimism and self-confidence of their race, stepped into the vacant posts with alacrity, and acquitted themselves admirably in commands for which they had no previous training. Next came the declaration of war by King Milan, and the invasion of Bulgaria by the Servians. It seemed all but certain that Sophia would be taken, for the whole Bulgarian army was on the Turkish frontier, and there was only a handful of men to oppose the advancing enemy.

But fortune helps those who help themselves. Luckily for Bulgaria, the Servians failed to press their first advantages, and the prince was able to bring up his troops in time to save the capital. The brilliant victories of Slivnitza and Pirov have given Prince Alexander high rank among the generals of our time, but military critics who study this period will, I think, accord him still greater praise for the extraordinary resource and ability with which, in a few short weeks, he reorganized an army denuded of its officers and deficient in commissariat, in artillery, in ambulance, in all the requirements held to be needful for a successful campaign. The world is apt to overlook the less conspicuous but really greater achievements of a military commander when

dazzled by his victories in the field. It is true that Prince Alexander had admirable material to work with. The Bulgarian peasant makes a first-rate soldier, strong, hardy, enduring, docile, bold in attack and obstinate in defence, he will go wherever his officer leads him. The young officers made up for their want of experience by zeal and hard work. The whole population, military and civil, worked like one man in the national cause. The peasants willingly allowed their oxen and carts to be requisitioned and their flocks to be driven away from the pastures; the *popes* and *kmets* of the villages called for volunteers and met with a ready response. The volunteers and a great portion of the reserves had never even been drilled; the supply of uniforms was totally inadequate; still worse, the troops were provided with three different weapons, and there was no time to organize companies armed with the same rifle. The transport had to be carried on under the greatest difficulties; only four crazy locomotives were available on the Eastern Roumelian line, and there was no railway communication with northern Bulgaria. But every obstacle disappeared before the energy and determination of the prince and the people.

When, after the conclusion of peace, Prince Alexander, amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm, reviewed his victorious army at Sophia, his position as chief of the Bulgarian nation seemed more firmly assured than it had ever been since the day when he landed at Varna. Who could have believed that among the ranks which then marched past him in triumph there could have been found men ready and willing to drag him from his palace at night, to expose him to every indignity, and to hand him over to his enemies? It is a singular fact, only intelligible to those who understand the Oriental character, that the Servian army, which he never led but to defeat, has always been, and is, devoted to King Milan, while the Bulgarian army, which he covered with glory, supplied the instrument for Prince Alexander's overthrow. In

both cases the rank and file must be left out of consideration. The soldiers of the Bulgarian regiments which took part in the *pronunciamento* at Sophia blindly followed their officers, as they always do. It is commonly said that the abduction of Prince Alexander was only the work of a few miscreants, paid and suborned by Russia, but this was not so. More than half the regimental commanders and a large number of the higher officers were privy to the conspiracy. It was the discovery of this fact, more than anything else, which thoroughly disgusted Prince Alexander and determined him to quit Bulgaria. To punish all the guilty would, as he said himself, have involved a massacre.

What, then, were the causes of his downfall? In the first place, there were the exigencies of Russian policy, which rendered the removal of the prince imperatively necessary, inasmuch as the accomplishment of the union and the victory over Serbia threatened to give him a permanent influence over the Bulgarian race. In the second, there was the reaction which passed over Bulgaria after a period of sacrifice and struggle, and which culminated in serious discontent. Thirdly, there was the wounded vanity and disappointed ambition of a number of Bulgarian officers, each of whom imagined himself to have been the principal hero in the late campaign, and felt that he had been specially slighted by the prince in the distribution of rewards. Lastly, there was the personal hostility of the two most powerful men in Europe — Prince Bismarck and the czar.

These causes, to which, in the space at my disposal, I can hardly do more than allude, acted and reacted on each other, and combined to form the thundercloud which now burst over the young prince's career. The activity of Russia was undoubtedly quickened by the discovery that Prince Alexander, after his Servian triumph, had begun to entertain schemes of foreign policy which, if realized, would have raised an insuperable barrier to her future progress in the Balkan Peninsula. His

proposal of a Balkan Confederation, of which King Charles of Roumania was to be the head, and in which Greece was to be included, was favorably regarded at Bucharest — King Charles has always dreamed of a Bulgaro-Walachian empire — the greater portion of Macedonia was to fall to Bulgaria; Roumania was to be compensated with a slice of the Bulgarian Dobrudsha; Serbia was to have Trn and Vidin. The plan was revealed by a member of M. Bratiano's ministry to M. Radowitz, the German ambassador at Constantinople, with the result that Prince Bismarck addressed a severe reproof to King Charles, and redoubled his hostility to Prince Alexander; the effect created by this disclosure at St. Petersburg may easily be imagined. It was well known there that the prince held the threads of the Macedonian movement in his hands, and now that he had embarked on a policy of adventure it was hard to say what he might do next.

After the signature of the Protocol of Constantinople, generally known as the Convention of Top-Khané, by which the prince was made governor-general of eastern Roumelia for five years, Russia was obliged to abandon all hope of armed intervention on the part of Turkey. It became evident that the prince could only be removed by means of the Bulgarians themselves. The Convention of Top-Khané added greatly to the discontent in Bulgaria, and it was easy enough for the Russian agents, who swarmed in the country, to persuade the people that the prince was the cause of all their misfortunes, that he had become a Turkish pasha, that he alone was to blame for the imperfect realization of the union, for the sacrifices of the Servian war, and for the impunity accorded to King Milan. The contagion of disaffection spread to the army — that is, to the corps of officers, in which the causes of discontent to which I have already alluded were for some time actively at work. It would be a libel on the Bulgarian people and the Bulgarian army to say that the majority of

either was ungrateful and disloyal to the prince. But it is also untrue to assert that his overthrow was merely the work of a handful of discontented officers. To Colonel Zacharoff, the Russian military attaché at Sophia, fell the principal share in the task of undermining the loyalty of the Bulgarian army. He does not seem to have spent much in bribery, for according to a statement attributed to M. de Nelidoff, the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, the removal of Prince Alexander cost only three hundred thousand francs. To the colonel, also, so they say in Bulgaria, belonged the credit of having organized the kidnapping plot, which was planned and carried out with considerable ability. A previous plot to capture the prince near Bourgas had ended in failure.

The abduction of Prince Alexander from his palace at night, his removal to Rakhovo, where he was placed on board his yacht as a prisoner; his deliverance to the Russian authorities at Reni; his return after the counter-revolution, in which M. Stamboloff played so brilliant a part; his triumphal progress through the country, and his abdication at Sophia—all this took place in the brief period of three weeks. A certain mystery hangs over the circumstances of his abdication. In his farewell manifesto to the Bulgarian people, Prince Alexander stated that he had received an assurance from the Russian government that there should henceforth be no interference in the internal affairs of Bulgaria. This statement was officially contradicted by the Russian government a few days after. The real truth was that the assurance in question was given by the Russian acting agent to several of the Bulgarian leaders assembled together in the Russian Consulate at Sophia. It need hardly be pointed out that the promise was violated almost immediately afterwards by the mission entrusted to General Kaulbars. At the time, the great object of Russia was to get rid of the prince, and she had no anticipation of the difficulties which she afterwards encountered.

It was after receiving this assurance that M. Stamboloff and his colleagues decided on allowing the prince to depart. They may perhaps be accused of having bargained with the enemies of their sovereign in order to obtain favorable terms for themselves, but Prince Alexander was a voluntary party to the arrangement. Had the Bulgarian leaders insisted, no doubt he would have remained; though his position was rendered almost untenable by the action of Prince Bismarck, who, in conjunction with the Russian and Austrian governments—these were the days of the *Dreikaiserbund*—forbade him to punish even the ringleaders among his mutinous officers. This was equivalent to a summons to resign the throne. Prince Alexander, however, was disposed to leave the country for a time without abdicating, still hoping against hope for a reconciliation with the czar. His generous nature always prevented him from realizing the depth of his cousin's hostility; even in these latter days, at Gratz, a portrait of the czar was always to be seen on his writing-table. At the suggestion of the Russian consul at Rustchuk he had sent a message to the czar, in which he placed his crown in the hands of Russia. It was a lamentable step, which exposed him to a cruel rebuff, enraged the Porte, and made his warmest friends in Bulgaria feel that his position was fatally compromised. The Bulgarian leaders gauged the character of the czar more accurately. They now decided that if the prince left the country he should abdicate, otherwise an intolerable situation might be indefinitely prolonged.

And so, on the 8th September, 1886, Prince Alexander bade farewell to the people whose fluctuating fortunes he had shared for a period of seven stormy years. For the next few months his re-election to the throne was urged by a strong party in Bulgaria, but the prince resolutely refused to return except as ruler of an independent kingdom; and once Prince Ferdinand had been elected, he adopted a loyal and correct attitude towards his successor.

He soon retired into private life, whither I must not follow him. The sad story of his attachment to a princess of the royal house of Prussia need not be retold. The projected marriage was the source of Prince Bismarck's determined hostility, which invaded the sick chamber of the dying Emperor Frederick. "We have had enough of victims to politics," said the kind-hearted Austrian emperor the other day, when sanctioning the betrothal of his granddaughter to a young Bavarian lieutenant, "let us not sacrifice this dear child." But Francis Joseph and Bismarck are men of different mould.

Prince Alexander's marriage with Fraulein Loisinger, a young actress whom he first met at the Darmstadt Theatre, removed him finally from the stage of politics and put an end to the party in Bulgaria which advocated his return. A few days before the marriage the prince passed through Vienna, when he stated to a friend that he hoped soon completely to reconcile the czar. He left immediately for Mentone, where Fraulein Loisinger was staying. The marriage ceremony took place at the little village of Castellar, near the Italian frontier, on the 6th February, 1889. Even now the strange fatality which always raised difficulties in his path seemed to cling to Prince Alexander. The mayor of the village, a worthy and highly scrupulous peasant, first refused to publish the banns, and afterwards to celebrate the civil ceremony. He must, he said, go to Nice to consult the authorities. Much fruitless parley ensued, till Prince Alexander, with a happy fertility of resource, gave the man money enough for his journey to Nice, and at the same time roundly upbraided him for doubting the word of a former sovereign. The spirit of the rustic was moved and he consented to officiate, the village schoolmaster and two peasants acting as witnesses. The years spent by Prince Alexander—now Count Hartenau—in comparative retirement at Gratz, formed, perhaps, the happiest period of his life. Invested with a command in the Austrian army,

he was able to give his time to the military pursuits which he loved without the distractions incidental to his former position. He was always bright and cheerful in the mess-room with his officers, to whom early in the evening he would say good-night with the words, "Pardon, meine Herrn, ein junger Ehemann soll hübsch zeitlich zu Hause sein." In the late manoeuvres at Guss he won the warmest praise from the Emperors Francis Joseph and William for the handling of his troops; the position which he took up was declared to be impregnable, and to resemble that at Slivnitza.

It was my privilege to follow the remains of Prince Alexander on their way to his last resting-place in Bulgaria. The train passed through Servia in the night; in the morning we reached Pirot—this very day, eight years ago, the scene of the second of his brilliant victories. A few moments more, and we crossed the frontier, almost at the spot where he led his troops in pursuit of the defeated invaders; in another instant we were at Tzaribrod. Among the many touching sights I witnessed there, nothing struck me more than the aspect of the vast crowd of peasants, most of them men in the prime of life, who, as lads of one or two and twenty, had fought under the prince on the ground where we stood, and who now came to pay him the last tribute of their devotion. Then we passed Slivnitza, where the echo of artillery recalled the days when the Bulgarian infantry stormed those heights one by one, at the point of the bayonet and to the music of the "Maritza," till at last the Servians rose and fled from their entrenchments at the first notes of that magic strain. Then came the great demonstration at Sophia, where we found Prince Ferdinand, surrounded by all the distinguished men in Bulgaria, waiting to accept the precious relics as an inestimable heirloom of the Bulgarian race. As the body was taken from the train and laid on Bulgarian ground the impassioned eloquence of M. Stamboloff

moved all who were present to tears. Last of all came the long, imposing procession, impressive as all military funerals are, and witnessed amidst every evidence of grief, by the greatest crowd that has ever collected in Bulgaria. Nothing was wanting in detail, except, perhaps, the splendid march of Beethoven, *sulla morte d'un eroe*, which gave way to the less majestic composition of Chopin.

The splendid ceremonial was organized by Prince Ferdinand, who rose from a bed of sickness to make all the arrangements and to welcome the relatives of Prince Alexander. The attitude of Prince Ferdinand towards his predecessor has always been loyal, generous, and honorable. When he first took up his abode in the palace at Sophia he ordered that the picture of Prince Alexander, which through a mistaken delicacy had been removed, should be replaced in its former position. By his desire the portraits of the late prince hang side by side with his own in the mess-rooms of every Bulgarian regiment. Soon after his accession he sent Prince Alexander a Bulgarian order and received a graceful acknowledgment in return; a little later, at his suggestion, the Sobranie voted a pension to the hero of Slivnitsa. In the relations between the past and the present rulers of Bulgaria there was a perfect loyalty of sentiment, such as should exist between two men of large mind and chivalrous nature; there was nothing ungenerous, nothing unworthy. And now that one of them has vanished from the scene there is nothing to look back upon with regret.

Felix opportunitate mortis, Prince Alexander had passed away in the prime of manhood, in the flower of his age, while his memory is still green in the land he rescued from destruction, while the brave men who fought under him can bear him to his grave, while the Bulgarians are still a free people. In the little chapel of St. George at Sophia, once a pagan temple, then a Christian church, then a mosque, and now a church again—a type and wit-

ness of the vicissitudes which have overtaken the Bulgarian race—he lies amid the trophies of Slivnitsa and the countless tokens of a nation's sorrow. It was here that the last act of his sepulture took place, and Prince Ferdinand pronounced the *novissima verba* in the Bulgarian tongue: "As sovereign of Bulgaria, as commander-in-chief of the Bulgarian army, as supreme head of the nation, I here receive the mortal remains of Alexander I., Prince of Bulgaria. I commit them to this Bulgarian soil which he has valiantly defended and preserved. May his glorious example of bravery and self-sacrifice be evermore respected by us and held in everlasting remembrance. In the name of all my people, in the name of every heart that beats in a Bulgarian breast, I pray—May his memory be our sacred and eternal possession!" That prayer will assuredly be fulfilled.

JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

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THE NUMIDIAN.

BY ERNST ECKSTEIN,
AUTHOR OF "PRUSIAS," "APHRODITE," "THE
CHALDEAN MAGICIAN," ETC.

Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

CHAPTER V.

THE end of April had come and Aulus Pacuvius's triumph over his crafty rival was complete.

The soil, newly created by the wonder-working Jacussar, had been clothed ever since the first of February with the most luxuriant pasturage—more luxuriant and promising than the rich earth on the shore of the lake. The flocks, though not numerous, thrived splendidly as the West-Numidian shepherds, engaged by Jurta's advice, were more industrious and conscientious than the dwellers on the shore. The ease with which all the necessities of life could be procured had made the latter indolent, while the people of the West, struggling with the more variable climate, less fruitful soil, and constant

attacks of wild animals grew vigorous and watchful.

Early in the month of April it was no longer doubtful that even the amazing energy of the Egyptian would no longer be capable of disputing the supremacy of the house of Pacuvius. The young Roman could look with pride and pleasure at the success obtained, and hope for the richest fulfilment of his anticipations in the future.

Meanwhile the longing for Collu, and all the dear and beautiful things left at home, had grown so strong that even Jurta's devoted friendship could not render the absence from his native city endurable. Besides, for the present, there was nothing to do except wait quietly; no important enterprises could be undertaken during the hot season.

So Aulus appointed the faithful Philippus his representative, chose a dozen of the bravest among his slaves for an escort, ordered the baggage to be packed, and on the fifth day before the May kalends went to rest with the joyful consciousness that he was to set out on the journey to Collu the following morning.

Since his recovery he had occupied a comfortable house built in the Roman style, which his steward had purchased from the widow of a Campanian herdsman. Jurta had come to the dwelling as freely as if she had a natural right to its shelter; the chief slave had admitted her to the atrium at any hour—even when Aulus, with burning brow, was poring over his accounts, correspondence, and projects, or examining with his private secretary, Hegesippus, designs for building and mercantile plans. The servants had been accustomed, from the beginning, to see in Jurta their master's most trusted assistant, and ever-welcome counsellor, whose eye, though apparently untrained, often saw more clearly than the men, with all their wisdom and worldly experience.

So, in the early dawn of the day appointed for the departure she passed through the lamp-lit ostium.

Darkness still brooded over the wide Lake Tritonis, whose rippling waters

washed the open space before the vestibulum, but a pale green glistened in the eastern sky, and the clouds above the hillsides were tinged with the first fleeting shades of crimson.

Bustle pervaded the atrium. Six or eight smoking torches were blazing in the bronze holders at the right and left of the apartment. Male and female slaves hurried to and fro, carrying the leather travelling bags and the rush-woven provision-baskets to the marble slab in front of the impluvium, where Gaipor the Sigambrian examined and numbered each piece of baggage. Others glided nimbly on their colored cork soles through the colonnades, bearing orders from the head cook or steward, bringing trifles, or busying themselves without any special duty, as though to show their master, ere his departure, how great was their zeal in his service. Two of the travelling party stood at the entrance of the archives, talking with the treasurer, Lucanus.

Jurta paused, overwhelmed by a strange emotion, as she beheld the busy scene.

For the first time she seemed to realize what awaited her—the parting from Aulus Pacuvius.

Hitherto, she had forced back the depressing thought of what her life would be when all that for months had constituted her happiness was over. But now it seemed to seize her in an iron grasp; she saw what she had carefully shunned, even in thought; she experienced what had seemed so strange, so impossible.

In the morning when, after sunrise, she passed the granite basin of the impluvium and entered the hall at the left—in the morning the study with its beautifully inlaid floor and purple-bordered door-hangings would be empty and desolate. The cushioned chair would stand beside the claw-footed table, the writing-reed would rest across the dainty wooden rack; but the man who erst leaned thoughtfully against the cushions or busily wielded the reed, the joy and light-dispensing idol of her heart, would be absent—for months, perhaps forever!

"Perhaps forever!" she repeated softly.

She did not know how the words happened to steal into her soul—in spite of her confident hope that he would return. Her despondency seemed foolish. Only yesterday Aulus Pacuvius had told the private secretary, Hegesippus, how necessary it was that he should return to Nepte late in the autumn.

So her reason could not doubt that the departure was but a temporary one—but she *felt* the contrary. An anxious foreboding seemed to say: He will be lost to you, as soon as mountains and streams separate you and your happiness.

So, spite of her struggles against it, the thought remained, and the torturing sense of anxiety did not yield.

But if thus tortured by mysterious fears, why did she remain? What bound her to Nepte? Could she not follow the star of her life without heeding the gossip of the natives, who smiled and shrugged their shoulders with meaning glances as they watched her eager toil.

True, he did not suspect what a quenchless fire had been kindled in her soul, how she could live and breathe only through him—but he was kindly disposed toward her, he appreciated her self-sacrificing fidelity; it would have needed only a word to induce him to take her with him.

Ah, for months her heart had urged her to utter this word; but she resisted, and crushed the longing—for the sake of the man she loved. She understood only too well that she, who was so thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the business here, the restless, tireless worker who daily suggested new ideas, was indispensable in Nepte. To promote and secure the prosperity of the enterprise Aulus had commenced she must remain during his absence, though she should well-nigh perish with grief and longing.

Yes, it was even so. The nearer the hour of parting came, the more clearly she perceived her duty. The freedman, Philippus, had asked her counsel

almost more frequently than Aulus Pacuvius himself—and not one of the men from Collu could equal her in conquering the obstacles which sometimes still arose. Her glowing powers of persuasion, her persistent, yet never offensive zeal, worked marvels. No expedient was too bold or too novel, if it promised success to Aulus. She had cast languishing looks, like the most coquettish Roman on the Via Sacra, at grey-haired Kedros, who had a claim to the so-called "hard tract" on the southwestern end of the newly irrigated district, till at last, bewitched by her charms, he had consented to yield it. Kneeling at the feet of Jamo, the priest of the great Spirit of the Storm, she had obtained a favorable decision in regard to three building sites, for the priest was a sworn foe of everything Roman, and long persisted in his resolution, against which there could be no legal opposition.

But it was in the prompt thwarting of all Abbas's hostile plans that Jurta was specially successful. She knew this—so no quivering or groaning of wounded selfishness availed. She must stay, she must renounce the joy of his presence to labor for him while her strength endured.

Alas, how unutterably difficult seemed the task, as she stood gazing over the torch-lit atrium, at the pleasant places where she had been so unspeakably happy, and where, in future, all would be so desolate and lifeless.

This solitude of the heart! To conceal every emotion—not to be suffered to complain to any sympathizing soul of what burdened her heart day and night with blissful anguish.

Why did not Aulus, whose eyes were usually so keen and searching, guess what flushed her face with so deep a glow? It seemed as though the perpetual warfare with Abbas had paralyzed his perceptions; or, long ago, he would have understood her grief and clasped her tenderly to his heart, if only as a trembling slave, for a few fleeting moments. Jurta asked no more; she was too humble, too ardently enthralled by her admiring love

to hope to keep him hers forever. Only she longed, like any loving, yearning woman, to be sought, understood, wooed. What would happen afterwards, how the blissful dream would end, she did not ask. Chaos itself would have been Paradise to her, had memory but preserved the inexpressible splendor of that happiness to irradiate the gloom.

Engrossed by these thoughts, the Numidian stood motionless for five minutes at the entrance of the atrium, without noticing that the slaves, who had finished their business with the treasurer, were casting admiring glances at her slender figure. With her hands loosely clasped in front of her gaily striped petticoat, she gazed fixedly at the flickering torches. Never before had she seemed so unconscious of her charms. Her night-black hair, almost too thick to be confined by the glittering silver pins, was twisted in a graceful knot on her beautifully shaped head, whence it fell in heavy masses down her back. Her daintily embroidered shirt of scarlet wool had slipped from her left shoulder, revealing her brown neck and the beautiful contours of her round, young throat. Then the close-fitting bracelets, clasping the plump arms, the gold circlets about the ankles, the sea-green girdle with silver-wrought tassels, the ear-rings, and the pomegranate blossoms in her hair. All these things were so foreign, yet so fresh and bright that the older slave, who ventured to say many things which others would not have dared to utter, whispered to his companion:—

"By Castor, our beloved Aulus has the taste of a master."

He added something which made the other laugh. But Athenæus, the younger one, usually as silent and reserved as an Eastern philosopher, also thought that the Numidian was indeed a pearl and far more lovable than many a fashionable milk-face with a wealth of fair hair.

Scarcely a syllable was wasted on the subject; for it had long been considered settled that Jurta was the object of Aulus's love. From the standpoint

of the customs of that region it was regarded as a matter of course, considered a thing of trivial importance, either to her, who in the Romans' eyes was little better than a slave, or to Aulus Pacuvius.

The brilliant young merchant could not wed the dark-skinned barbarian, but if they loved one another—who need care!

Aulus, though by no means obtuse, was perhaps too entirely absorbed by the memory of Livius's daughter to have eyes or thoughts for any one else. Perhaps, too, some unexplained timidity, a sort of "religio," as the Romans termed it, deterred him from treating his high-hearted preserver lightly. He probably said to himself: Reckless trifling would bring misfortune upon you and her—and a lasting bond seemed impossible, simply because he felt a warm friendship for her, nothing more.

The two men now passed Jurta.

"Poor child!" said the younger.

"A grieving widow!" sighed the other, in a tone between jest and earnest.

Jurta, flushing crimson, started violently.

She walked on—past the tablinum, through the low corridor. The horses and mules were standing in the peristyle, which was also lighted by half-a-dozen torches. The party would start from here and ride through the garden.

Directly in front, beside the slender-limbed Cappadocian, whose bridle glittered with silver, stood Aulus Pacuvius, giving a direction to a slave.

The light of the torches streamed full upon his handsome, manly face, giving him a bold, heroic expression. He was like a young god of war, rushing, flushed with victory over the battle-field, calm, conscious of power, while illumined by the baleful light of blazing villages and huts.

The Numidian pressed her hand upon her heart. Never before had she felt so sudden, so keen a pang. What happiness, what mad, boundless happiness it would be to belong to this man for life, share all his hopes, aspirations,

conflicts, and, if such was the will of the gods, joyfully give the last drop of her blood for him. Why was she one of a race whom the Romans' pride despised? Why had she been born poor and lowly—she whose exuberant vigor, shrewdness, courage, and love would fear comparison with none of the daughters of the empire of the world?

Her pride awoke. The thought that but a short time before had hovered before her like a blissful dream—to be his for ever so short a time, she now felt almost like a humiliation. No, oh no! That was a contradiction in itself; an absurdity, like an eternity with an end. To have once possessed his love and then lost him, to behold the light and then sink back forever into the icy gloom—horrible torture—worse, greater than bare, cold, rigid renunciation.

She stood motionless a long time. At last Aulus noticed her.

"You? So early?" he exclaimed, hurrying joyously to meet her. "I thought you would not grudge yourself sleep this morning, as we took leave of each other yesterday. Or has the pain here lessened?"

As he uttered the last words, he lightly touched her brow.

"I do not know," she murmured. "I feel nothing now, but all night long I did not close my eyes."

"Philippus must send the leech to you."

"Oh, I need no physician. It will pass away. The excitement of the last few days. Everything will be quiet here now."

Jurta felt the hot tears rush into her eyes, but with almost superhuman power forced them back. Aulus Pacuvius must not feel how this parting tore her heart. It would have grieved him, and he seemed so joyous, so full of life, as though he were anticipating the sunniest future! Her heart quivered at the sight of his overflowing happiness, which so engrossed him that he seemed to belong only half-way to the present. What bliss was alluring him?

Jurta did not suspect that, of late,
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Aulus Pacuvius had really been thinking very frequently of the future; that the more completely the Ligurian's business competition was defeated, the more clearly and more often the image of a fair young girl appeared—the graceful figure of the bewitching Livia. Aulus, influenced here also by some vague emotion, had never spoken of Livia to Jurta. Yet Septimia very often mentioned the "charming child"—her favorite expression—in her voluminous letters. Livius Tabianus had kept up the intercourse with Septimia. Aurelia and Livia, especially, had frequently been her guests in the evening, when Livius's time was claimed by business cares. The rivalry between the two families was never mentioned, Nepte was never named, Aulus was enquired for only in a general way—in short, personal relations were so entirely severed from business ones that Septimia became warmly attached to the blithe young girl, and, even without regard to external suitability, would have ardently desired a marriage between Livia and Aulus. So it happened that, week by week, the allusions to Livia in her letters took a warmer tone, which of course did not fail to have its influence on the excitable imagination of her son, and gradually fanned the glimmering spark into a blaze.

Jurta had not the least knowledge of all this; yet she was tortured by a vague anxiety. For the first time she imagined that, spite of all the friendship Aulus showed her, she was nothing to him. Ah, did he really feel even friendship for her? Was the man who thus hurried away with light heart and laughing lips indeed a friend?

The question unconsciously glimmered through the tears that dimmed her eyes. Aulus could not help answering it.

"You good creature," he said, taking her hand, "are you grieving because you will no longer have to care for your patient? That is the way with you faithful hearts. What was once a burden you regard, when about to lose it, a joy."

Jurta made no reply, and he went on still more tenderly : —

"Indeed, it seems hard enough to me when I think that months must pass without hearing my Jurta's dear silvery voice. But what can be done ? Circumstances are stronger than men. So let me thank you once more for all your kindness, and then — may the gods in whom you believe protect you !"

"The gods in whom I believe are yours also," said Jurta, deeply moved. "Philippus, whom I questioned, has told me so much of the majesty of your great Jupiter, that I learned to understand how deluded my people were. But even Jupiter will give me no consolation unless I comfort myself. And that I do, my lord, by saying : 'No one grieves over what is necessary.' Farewell ! Day is dawning, and your men are mounting their horses. Farewell ! and sometimes remember the happy days by the shore of Lake Tritonis."

She held out her right hand, which he detained a long time in his clasp. Then she laughed like an innocent child, said it was foolish to be sorrowful, and stepped aside, while Aulus Pacuvius mounted his horse.

The last stars had vanished. The upper edge of the roof of the peristyle was glittering in the glow of sunrise. A refreshing breeze blew from the water and rustled the foliage of the bananas and fan-palms in the neighboring garden.

"Ready !" cried the Sigambrian, as Aulus Pacuvius nodded to him.

The double doors of the garden were unbarred, and the travellers started.

Pacuvius turned his head.

Jurta was standing in the centre of the peristyle, with her hands pressed on her eyes.

Feeling his glance, she looked up. He nodded kindly, then vanished amid the bushes like a vision in a dream.

A fiery sunbeam flashed on the sparkling roof. The sun had risen above the eastern hills and transformed old Nepte, with its irregular buildings, wretched huts, and grass-grown streets, into the marvellous city of a wonder-

working fairy. But to the Numidian it had become night, black, joyless night ; and slowly, almost groping her way, like a blind woman, she stole from Aulus's deserted dwelling to her own silent, desolate home.

CHAPTER VI.

AGAIN months had passed, months of insufferable heat to the whole land of Numidia, save in the neighborhood of Lake Tritonis, for the broad expanse of water and the vicinity of the lofty mountains created a climate almost precisely like that of the Ligurian coast cities. So the people whom Aulus had left behind were in perfect health, spite of their unusual environments ; and with the men the work which it was their duty to discharge also prospered.

Jurta who, during the first few days succeeding Aulus's departure, had given herself up to despair, gradually, faithful to her former duties, had become the busy assistant of Philippus, as she had once aided his master.

When, wearied by her ceaseless labor, she returned home and sat on the bench beside the door in the light of the rising moon, there was a seething whirlpool of visions in her soul which, growing calmer by slow degrees, daily assumed a more hopeful aspect.

Had she really any cause to dread the future ? Who could know what the gods had in store ?

Again and again she saw the stately figure of the man she loved, as he approached her in the peristyle — so kindly, so tenderly. Again she heard his voice calling her *his* Jurta and thanking her for all her goodness as earnestly, as fondly, as though every word welled from the depths of his heart.

No, he was not forgetful of the poor Numidian. She had left a void in his heart, as he had in hers. He thought warmly and tenderly of her as she did of him. He longed to be back in the stillness of this peaceful region by the lake ; he was counting the hours until the moment of meeting. Did not his letters to Philippus reveal that his

whole soul was hers? Did he not enquire in every one how she was faring, and whether she cherished the same friendship for him as before?

She did not know how to read and write, or she had no doubt that he would have addressed these questions to her, and told her things which could not be interwoven with his business letters to Philippus.

So day after day she dreamed more and more of a sunlight which flooded her whole existence with happiness. The more the sweet illusion ensnared her, the more positive seemed the proof afforded by every incident of the present and the past. Her love increased, and with it the strength of her faith. Each glance of his she had drunk in now awakened a brilliant hope.

Yes, Aulus Pacuvius loved her; her own throbbing heart, panting breath, and flitting blushes repeated with steadfast decision the same blissful certainty. External considerations had induced him to conceal his feelings—and for this her excited imagination devised any number of motives. But the time would come when these considerations would cease to have influence—and then—oh, she dared not continue to pursue the delightful, unspeakably blissful thought. No doubt there would be many a struggle to reach the goal—but here, too, her vague hopes grew bolder, more confident, more joyous day by day.

Philippus had lately told her that a Massilian knight, the son of one of the richest land-owners of Narbonensian Gaul, had married, spite of the opposition of his fellow-nobles, a freed-woman.

Might not the same fate, if the gods so willed, fall to her own lot?

Married, Philippus had said, bestowed the sacred name of wife, not that of friend, as the Romans used it with special emphasis. Oh, if omnipotent Jupiter would but be equally gracious to her, lift her also into those realms of light, how she would kneel as a faithful worshipper her whole life before his altars, she who till now had

sometimes doubted whether the grey Spirit of the Storm and the wrathful, black-locked goddess of the weather, Gu-Milama, in whom the Numidians believed, might not be more powerful than the gods of the Roman Empire. How she would cherish the man she loved, fulfil his lightest wish, devote every breath to his service!

All, even the unsympathizing door-keeper, noticed the change in the Numidian. She had never seemed so charming, so completely irradiated by the grace of her harmonious womanhood. She had a kind word for every one. Even the Egyptian Abbas, her opponent, whose keen eyes had clearly perceived that Jurta was the soul of all the rival proceedings, forgot his rancor and secret antipathy, and suffered himself to be captivated by her bewitching manner when, during a dispute between the slaves of Aulus and of Livius, she tried to induce him to yield. In short, what Aulus's presence had failed to bestow: secret peace, calmness, joyous hopefulness was given by this separation from which she had at first shrunk with such unutterable grief. She was like a radiant bride who, conscious of her undisputed power, scarcely knows impatience, but feels herself united to the man she loves.

Then, in the midst of these fanciful, heart-stirring dreams, tidings that Aulus Pacuvius was betrothed to Livia, the daughter of Livius Tabianus, and would bring home his charming bride before the end of December, fell upon her like a destroying thunderbolt.

Jurta listened with alarming passiveness to the passage in the letter announcing it, as Philippus read the words aloud to her in Pacuvius's room. It seemed as though her soul had no organ to receive the message, or as if the language in which Pacuvius wrote was Rugian instead of Latin. Yet the Numidian certainly understood every syllable; for in her association with Aulus Pacuvius she had made greater progress than barbarian ever did before, but her soul seemed unable to comprehend what she heard, as the

man felled by lightning does not hear the roll of thunder which accompanies the flash.

Very gradually, after Philippus, terrified by her corpse-like pallor, asked if she were ill, Jurta gave signs of returning animation, but what she stammered sounded so confused and unmeaning that the freedman could not understand it; for he rejected the most natural conjecture, because the Numidian had apparently taken the separation from Aulus so easily.

A slave interrupted the conversation. Philippus was occupied with business matters for fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, the Numidian sat on the same bronze bench where, glowing with eager zeal, she had so often discussed with Aulus Pacuvius the condition of his plans. With arms clasped closely over her knees, and fingers twitching nervously, she leaned forward on the extreme edge, like a person who feels only half tolerated, gazing intently at the black outlines of the mosaic floor. Ever and anon her ashy lips quivered, as though shaping a voiceless cry.

At last, after the slave had retired, she sprang up, exclaiming, with the wild eyes of a maniac:—

"Philippus, that is all a lie!"

"What are you saying?" replied the freedman absently.

"I say, some one else wrote that letter—not Aulus Pacuvius."

"What put that into your head?"

"Because Aulus would be incapable of deceiving, Philippus."

"Where is the deception here? Besides, there's no doubt. His handwriting is unmistakable."

"Well! Then he wants to try me. Surely it is impossible! Aulus and the daughter of the man who wished to ruin him—whom I have fought as the eagle battles with the serpent. Remember how angrily Aulus Pacuvius spoke of the miserable Abbas, who was but a tool of the Ligurian. Then the quarrel about the building site—don't you recollect how Pacuvius almost fell sick with wrath. He vowed by Minerva that the Egyptian deserved the gallows ten times over. He wanted to

lay hands on him, as Hercules seized Antæus; for there is no bargaining with highway robbers."

"That may be," replied Philippus. "But you fail to see that the Egyptian and Livius are by no means one and the same person."

"Yet surely Aulus was contending with Livius too."

"Not with any feeling of hatred. He never denied that the Ligurian, spite of all rivalry, inspired esteem and sympathy. I myself confess that Livius is very winning. Besides, genuine love cares little for the family of the chosen one; it will even endure a man like Abbas; and, from all I hear, Aulus Pacuvius seems completely bewitched by Livia. At least his mother writes——"

"What? What does she write?" cried the Numidian, whose incredulity was beginning to vanish.

She went up to Philippus and looked over his shoulder, though the small, dainty characters of the letter he unfolded were to her merely mysterious signs, with neither sense nor meaning.

"She requests me to have this house put in order to receive a pair of young wedded lovers by the first of January. It proves necessary for Aulus Pacuvius to manage affairs in Nepte some time longer, and, as he will neither defer his marriage nor neglect his business, he has determined to settle here at once."

He read several lines under his breath, then went on:—

"There, if you want to hear, here it comes: 'So do your best, my faithful Philippus, to make the children's new home pleasant and comfortable in every respect. Two such tender turtle-doves must have a pretty nest, especially as Nepte imposes so many deprivations. Persian and Syrian carpets, Murraha vases and goblets of shining gold, huge amphoræ filled with the wines of Campania, Samos, and Cyprus—in short, we shall send the bulkiest articles to-day on mules and camels. The other things you must attend to, with the housekeeper and the help of the trad-

ers and laborers in Nepte. Provide for a sufficient supply of the splendid spring water my son praises so highly. Have fountains placed in the triclinium, exedra, and sitting-rooms, as our climate requires. Roses—so Aulus tells me—are very dear in Nepte. Yet, or rather for that reason, I desire that our Livia, if possible, shall be gladdened every day with fresh roses; for the first hour they met she told my Aulus that music and flowers were the things which pleased her most. Aulus will provide for the former by taking male and female artists from here. Help me, my good Philippus, that they may feel content and be as happy as they deserve. A foolish speech! *Are they not happy?* As I write these lines I see them walking arm in arm under the pillars—she a laughing, joyous child, he so radiant in the bliss of his heart that I cannot recognize the once grave, sensible Aulus. Ah, Philippus! —”

The freedman suddenly stopped.

Jurta had slid slowly from his side to the floor. Her head rested against the wrought bronze foot of the writing-table. Her livid lips, half parted, wore an expression of unutterable agony. From beneath her long lashes the whites of her eyes gleamed glassy and lifeless, a terrible spectacle.

For the first time Philippus began to understand.

He laid her carefully on the couch, then brought fresh water from the next room and sprinkled her face.

“By Jupiter!” he murmured, glancing anxiously around as if he feared the presence of some spectator—“by Jupiter, the affair is getting serious. Who would have believed it? Jurta, poor, foolish child! Come to your senses! It is I, Philippus. How she clenches her hands! The nails almost cut into her flesh—and no possibility of rousing her from this unconsciousness. Her hands are cold as ice. What shall I do? Calvus! Eumolpus! Call the leech, or she will die under my hands.”

The last words were shouted loudly into the atrium.

The slaves rushed in, bringing es-

sences, woollen coverlets, and Samian wine.

Five minutes after, Heliodorus, the Hellenic physician whom Pacuvius had left behind, entered. The man had just risen from his couch and, as though to make amends for the delay, set to work with unwonted zeal. But it was nearly half an hour ere the Numidian regained her consciousness, and, with a deep sigh, looked around her as if unable to understand the meaning of so many anxious faces.

Then memory suddenly returned, and she burst into convulsive sobs, which abruptly changed into laughter so horrible that Heliodorus feared a second attack.

So he half forced her to take a few sips from the bowl Calvus had been ordered to prepare.

The peculiarly aromatic drops produced a soothing effect. After a short time an irresistible languor appeared, and, stammering a few incomprehensible words, sleep overpowered her.

Though her breathing was now long and regular, she still started violently at times, like those who dream they are suddenly falling. Philippus had put a cushion under her head. So she lay, not far from the spot where she had fallen, in the quiet, curtained room of the man she loved—and had lost forever.

When the sun had reached its zenith she was still sleeping.

“Let her rest!” Philippus said to the slaves who came to ask if they should carry the sleeping girl into the nearest cubiculum, as the freedman expected a visit from the Egyptian Abbas shortly before the *cena*. “Show the Egyptian into the tablinum; he won’t take it amiss—and Jurta is worse than you suppose.”

He left the room having something to do elsewhere.

When, at the end of an hour he returned to care for Jurta, he could still see the slight depression her weary head had left upon the cushion. She had vanished without a farewell; no one had noticed her departure.

Philippus sent to her hut. Eumolpus

and the Greek physician brought back news that the missing girl could not be found.

So matters remained for three days.

Philippus, who now connected every incident, down to the veriest trifle, feared that she had done herself some injury, but on the fourth day she reappeared, entering the atrium as usual, just after sunrise, apparently perfectly calm, with no recollection of the attack in Pacuvius's room.

Philippus, who was no lover of stormy scenes, nodded contentedly.

She's more sensible than I supposed. After all, what is the use of struggling against the stream? The word 'impossible' contains a precious balm."

He asked where she had spent her time.

Jurta hesitated, then shrugging her shoulders, answered:—

"Why should I conceal it? I was in the mountains, under the free sky of my home, and spent the nights in caves. I was forced to go out of doors; I should have died in dreary, cheerless Nepte. I prayed for comfort to the grey Spirit of the Storm, no longer to Jupiter, the god of lies, whom you worship, because you do not know the real gods. I need not hide my grief from you, Philippus, for you saw it fell me to the earth. You may keep it from the others, or shout it through the world, as you deem nobler and worthier."

Philippus made a soothing gesture, and she went on:—

"Well, I believe you. To have the shame as well as the grief would be terrible, Philippus. Yet I should comfort myself. The grey Spirit of the Storm has promised me healing and expiation for all I have suffered, and the Spirit of the Storm knows no falsehood, like your so-called all-bountiful Jupiter. My heart still glows and burns like the fires in the under world; but the flames will soon be quenched, and then I shall no longer need pity. Out yonder on the jagged cliffs the god appeared to me in the moonlight, amid the rent clouds, when the sacred east wind last swept over the land—day

before yesterday between evening and midnight. He will save me; he will defend Jurta—avenge her if she desires it. So until then I will bear and suffer quietly, shedding no tears."

"A wise resolve," Philippus answered.

"Only I beg one favor," she said beseechingly, clasping her hands like a penitent; "do not name her, do not mention the object of my mortal hatred, the happy maiden whom I abhor as I do death, yet who must be as lovely as eternal life."

"Livia?"

"Hush!" Jurta shrieked shrilly. "The name rends my heart—I implore you!"

"Well, then, poor Jurta, until the god has cured you I promise to avoid all——"

"Oh, I thank you!" she fervently interrupted, clasping his hands. Burning tears flowed down her cheeks. Philippus, deeply moved, laid his right hand on her thick, dark hair, and, as if thinking aloud, repeated:—

"Poor Jurta! An evil recompense indeed for our brave preserver!"

From *The National Review*.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN NORTH ITALY.

TOWARDS mid-September I found myself in the upper Alps, at the top of the Saint Gothard gorges. The weather had been for some time as cold as January in England. Though snow fell on the peaks around the air was clear, but the heavy dew on the hill-sides made walking a wet and slippery affair. The sun rose late, set early, and allowed no time for the dew to dry off. Alone, of all field-flowers, the Alpine crocus bravely withstood the cold. I thought of tarrying some time to enjoy the bracing air and the effects—new to me—of the glittering snow on high mountains, when a change of wind caused me to be suddenly acquainted with the bad weather of that part of Switzerland: drizzle, sleet, snow, and slush, and as bitter a cold as ever I felt. No prospect was to be

enjoyed from any window. Guests no longer arrived at the hotel, which, being built for summer purposes, was unprovided with fireplaces. The hotel-keeper thought it was too early in the season to light the big dining-room stove around which his family gathered in winter. The most that could be offered by a civil landlady was a foot-warmer filled with hot water. On the strength of her assurance that the weather was about to clear up I spent several more dreary days in the upper Reussthal, trying, whenever it was possible to venture out of doors, to extend my acquaintance with the interesting Swiss peasants.

The neighboring village had a large floating population of Italian navvies, Swiss militiamen, and an engineers' corps, all housed in huts. Their camp was like a mountain Aldershot. The Volunteers were to stay for another month for Alpine defence manoeuvres, which kept them busy from dawn till dusk. The other corps and the navvies were at work, fortifying the gorges and cutting roads through cloud-capped crags from fort to fort. The sound of the dynamite used in blasting was constantly repeated by the echoes. I never saw more splendidly handsome human beings than those forming the gangs of navvies; they were from the Valdieri, a place off the track of northern tourists, who in the much-run-upon parts of Italy are gradually effacing the most distinctive Italian traits. These men had all a family or tribal likeness. They were tall, and strongly built, with regular, well-modelled features, long, black eyes, strong brows, and hair that inclined to curl. Poverty had not robbed their bodies of stamina, and to judge from their countenances, which were calm and sculptural, it had not agitated their minds. These peasants come to work in Switzerland in summer, and go home for the vintage towards the end of September; but this year they were given special inducements to stay, the French government having complained that military works in the Saint Gothard were too often left in suspense, and that if they

were not soon completed there might be a danger of Italian troops stealing a march to form a junction with the Germans. The military works are of prodigious strength. A few companies could, aided by them, stop a great army. Each turn of the road presents a Gibraltar. Other defensive works, which M. de Freycinet often visited *incognito*, are going forward on the Simplon, Saint Bernard, and the passes into Italy east of the Saint Gothard. The Swiss excel as engineers, and adapt means so well to ends as to be the least wasteful people in Europe of public money. They are now barring and bolting their doors so well as to make their frontier positions all but impregnable. A means of defence in the zigzags of the passes are ponderous iron doors opened and closed by machinery. These doors are defended from above by loopholed galleries cut in the rock and by other positions so situated that it would be impossible to bring artillery to play on them from a long range. Unless the defenders were asleep, it could not get to a short range.

The Valteline peasants whom I had seen, and what had been said to me about the military works, aroused my curiosity to visit Italy. I was kept in an Alpine village the morning on which I had intended to set out, waiting for a remittance until after the coach carrying the mails had left. No hotel omnibus, I was told, was plying, and an extortionate price was asked for a trap. Having fortunately sent on the luggage the day before by post to Goeschenen, it was possible to catch the early express to Italy by walking to that station. So, weighted with a rug and handbag only, I started off. The mud was deep. A Scotch mist that soon gave way to sleet and driving rain hid the land. But fortune favors the brave. The road down the gorge, which was reached in due time, was hard, and the thick veil of mist and drizzle lifted there. A frowning landscape that under no circumstances could smile revealed itself. Blue sky came out, until a cloud driven by

a north wind was encountered lower down. The stern and savage grandeur of the mountainous chasm became oppressive. The forces of nature seemed chaotic, cruel, and irrepressible. Torrents tumbled down the sides of stony Alps, the sides of which frost and avalanches had macadamized. Wherever vegetation had conquered the rock, pine forests clambering to far-up peaks were to the eye as so much moss. The swollen and turgid Gothard Reuss roared and leaped in rapids and swirling cascades. At the sharp turn of a gorge, a blast laden with snow obliged me to give up taking mental notes, and to think only of how to keep my feet. If this wind had come straight from the North Pole it could not have been more bitter. The snow it drove did not fall in feathery flakes, but in icy particles, and made the face on which it fell tingle as if beaten with whipcord. A shelter from avalanches in masonry, which propped up the overhanging side of the mountain, was gladly entered. As I stood in it, fearing I must give up all hope of catching the next Milan express, a coach coming from the Furka Pass overtook and picked me up. The coach started off at an alarming pace. We tore down the zigzags of the pass; and that the horses kept their feet seemed miraculous. But there is nothing more uncommon than accidents to Swiss coaches, which run with the mails up and down the high Alps in all weathers. The safe plan adopted by the drivers is not to "drive," they leaving the sure-footed horses to themselves. They go at full speed along the edge of precipices when they are shrouded in mist, and still manage to keep on the safe track. As we spun over the Devil's Bridge the storm fell a bit, and the gorge reminded me of Gustave Doré's engravings of the entrance to Dante's Inferno, which must have been suggested to him when he was returning from the fields on which the Franco-Sardinian armies defeated the Austrians in 1859.

If there was no smile anywhere on nature's face, a grotesque element came

in to mar it. The biggest hoarding in the world took hold on the eye near this point. It covered over a jutting crag and gave an object-lesson to show the whitening virtues of some Sapola toilette soap which had cleansed in a single wash one side of the face of a chimneysweep. The unwashed side remained coal-black. Hoardings and such like advertisements are becoming one of the eyesores of the world. These disfigurements stare one in the face on the cliffs that overhang the Norwegian fiords. They start up beside the great waterfalls everywhere. The trunks of the platane-trees which shade the long highroad from Milan to Monza are corkscrewed round with long bills declaring that no soap on the face of the globe is equal to Sapola soap. Is it not time for the purchasing world to form a league for the prevention of advertisements that disfigure natural beauties? If manufacturers have a right to advertise in this manner, the public surely have an equal right not to buy the wares of those who are guilty of such vandalism, and to combine against them.

We at last reached Goeschenen, the central station in a system of tunnels which, had we not long since ceased to marvel at the works of modern engineering, should be classed as the greatest triumph of human skill, overtopping all the other wonders of the world. The bell rang. In a few moments we were running down the long tunnel, through which the canton of the Ticino is entered from Uri. I dwelt, in setting out, on the weather, so as the better to convey an idea of the delightful impression experienced of sunshine and balmy air. As the train cleared the long tunnel, one felt as if in another world. Indeed, it was like dropping from the North Cape to a sub-tropical climate, and in less than twenty minutes. The tunnel slanting down towards Italy, Airolo is below the Goeschenen level, and sheltered from snow-clouds by the upper Alps of Uri and the Grisons. A sky of cobalt-blue, here and there flecked with a white cloud, and the brightest weather

gladdened the landscape, which was still Alpine, but in lighter tints than on the Swiss watershed. Gentian and other wild flowers, which had disappeared at the first nip of frost on the other side of the tunnel, were in full blaze, and grew in broad patches. The Ticino River, not less strong-flowing than the Gothard Reuss, tumbled down deep precipices. We spun down loop tunnels. As we issued from them, mountain-sides took a joyous character. Wooden chalets disappeared as soon as the edible-chestnut zone was reached to make way for stone-built ones with roofs of wavy tiles and painted walls.

The loop tunnels down which the train gyrated are an evolution of the zigzag mountain road, but inside instead of outside the rock, with the angles rounded off. When glimpses are afforded of the outer world, the effects are surprising. These tunnels were made at a sacrifice of thousands of Italian lives. Switzers are good mowers and mountain-climbers, but bad delvers and quarrymen. All the scooping out of the Saint Gothard rocks was done by Italians. They slept in crowded huts, and, being unused to damp and darkness, were an easy prey to consumption. As the Ticino widened out and flowed over a more level bed, the river and its banks took a character of seductive sweetness. We had entered a country of clear, laughing waters, of light-hearted peasantry, of bright color, and of beneficent warmth. Lizards ran up old walls. Had there been snakes about they would have come out of holes to bask in the sun.

Bellinzona used to be the pearl of the Ticino. It is fast becoming a Smokeville Junction and a centre of international commerce. The branch line now going to Locarno will soon encircle the west shore of Lake Maggiore, as another branch girdles the east side to Sesto-Calende. Locarno looks forward to being an inland Liverpool, not dreaming what a change for the worse such a development must be. It begins to be Swiss already in the number and bigness of its hotels and

pensions. They are mostly on the model of the grand hotels of Lucerne. The language, manners, architecture, and general local features are strongly Italian. All the lakeside places of Maggiore are seen from the water, not only bright and cheerful, but some of them so polychrome in their brightness as to seem to flame like snapdragon in a punch-bowl. On landing they will, however, be found gloomy, unless just on the quays. This is in a measure due to the squat, massive arcades, extending far back from the roadways, being in deep shadow, and at all hours they are cavernous. In the narrow back streets they are positively depressing to the stranger. But they afford coolness and shelter from the sunshine to the natives, and are saved for the purposes of eating and sleeping, a common habitation for the busy and the idle of the town. Small trades are carried on and handicrafts exercised in these arcades in front of the shops. No poor person stays at home to work. There are open-air cooking stoves, at which food can be bought cheaper ready to eat than it could be prepared by housewives, if such a term is applicable to women who have hardly any housework to do. A better sort of food, and very cheap, can be bought to take away, at the *trattorie*, from which the smell of roasted chestnuts and fried fish is constantly rising in the air.

In seeking for an inviting *albergo*, I fell upon the Hôtel du Lac, which stands detached between the main street and the lake, and faces a shady mall. It used until recently to be one of the best places at which to put up in the town. I was shown up stone stairs to a spacious bedroom, lofty, clean, but whitewashed merely, and scantily furnished. In a cold climate the flagged floors would have made one shiver, but in a sunny one it gave a pleasant suggestion of coolness. The muslin curtains and mosquito net were immaculate. Windows afforded a glorious view due south and on the lake. One of them opened on a wide terrace. The landlady, a simple-mannered, nice

Swissess, took pity on my solitude, and came out of friendliness to chat with me. She was suffering acutely from home-sickness, and found all that struck me as delightful, depressing. The monotony of the long summer, which lasted nearly all the year round, of the loud talking and demonstrative manners of the people, of the tawdry, gaudy dress of the women, made her long for the green hills behind Lucerne from which she came.

"What were the amusements of the place?" I asked. The theatre was closed, but there was a puppet-show in the large booth on the Mall. It was very lively. To it I accordingly went after dinner. An outside crowd was close to the canvas forming the booth, and policemen watching to see that slits were not cut by those who might want to see as well as to hear. A flautist and a violinist were playing an overture. The booth was well filled. A space was roped off for the aristocracy of the neighborhood, and also well filled. The showman was one Zametti, who has a name in his profession as a successful caterer to public amusement, and writes his own plays. His wife dresses the puppets of *fantucci*, and she and the youthful Zametti recited the parts that required feminine and childish voices. Punch and Judy farces are rudimentary compared to Zametti's entertainments. One of his comedies was an Italian version of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." The Panama Krach furnished a subject for a satire in a prologue and three acts. More knowledge of Paris than could have been expected was shown. I marvelled at the talent, of which proof was given in the manipulating, marshalling, and giving dramatic relief to a large "company" of puppets representing the De Lesseps family. Queen Isabella appeared as the defender of sixteen thousand Spanish widows, who had been induced by her example, and the fact that she stood godmother for a little De Lesseps, to invest their money in Panama. An innovation was a wooden-horses merry-go-round, on which the great Frenchman and

his young people took riding exercise. Artonio (Arton), their Excellencies the prime minister and minister of justice, a corrupt procurator, a slippery judge, and a cook, a sweep, a porter, and other victims of misplaced confidence were brought in. The puppet-play that went home most to the audience was the swindles of an emigration agent. The moral was: Look sharp before biting at hooks thrown out by emigration agents; if you do not, Heaven help you, for men will only deride you.

I should have gladly tarried at Locarno, but was bound by a circular ticket to move on rapidly, and arranged to go by a lake steamer to Pallanza. No luggage was allowed on board until Italian revenue officers had arrived. They were smartly dressed in black uniforms faced with buttercup-yellow, one of the many survivals of the reigns of three Spanish Philips over Lombardy as dukes of Milan. These officials were gentle towards the ladies, but minutely searched the luggage and the persons of tourists of their own sex for cigars and matches. A Switzer, who looked on, said that Italy, now doing hardly any regular foreign business, would be ruined if it were not for the smuggling trade, which searchlights on the lake and revenue guards on the mountains fail to prevent.

A shoal of tourists of all nations went on board *La Regina Margherita*. The use they made of guide-books showed them to be new to the country. A crowd so diverse in origin would, fifty or sixty years ago, have presented national types of striking variety. As it was, they were only to be distinguished by shades and by the tongues they spoke best.

The samples of humanity on the first and second class decks could be studied just as well at the *Métropole* in London, or the *Continental* in Paris, as on an Italian steamer. I therefore descended to the steerage part, which was filled with country folks and fishers taking fruits and lake-trout to markets. The contents of their baskets formed splendid still-life pictures. Strong reds and oranges of pumpkins and tomatoes

gave value to the pearly bloom on purple grapes. The babble, gesticulation, repartee, and high spirits showed those *contadini* were having a good time, and were indifferent to the smells and hot air that came from the adjacent engine.

No rough wind visits Pallanza. But the mildness of its climate is not relaxing. One loafs about without becoming weary of doing nothing. The best way to loaf in the sun is in an oar-boat with an awning to temper the heat. One thus escapes from dust and smells, and can inhale the scents wafted from orange-groves on the mainland or the islands, at which the steamer daily lands shoals of tourists who come down the Saint Gothard to "do" the lakes without stopping to sleep anywhere along them. Count Borromeo, the direct descendant of a fourteenth-century Milanese fencing-master, and the collateral descendant of a sainted cardinal, must derive now as great an income from sight-seers wanting to go over Isola Bella as Lord Warwick does from opening the state rooms of his castle to every one who cares to pay a fee for being allowed to visit them.

The queen of Italy was being rowed about in a barge when I was paddling round the islands. She is of a sweet countenance, has good features, *le sourire gras* of the Italian, but a German physique and complexion easily reddened by the sun. Since the *Passionante* attempt to shoot the king when she and he were driving together at Naples, her nervous system is not what it was, and she has become as devout as any of those poor, disappointed-looking women whom one sees weeping before paintings of the Madonna in the Italian churches. She and the king have fallen back a good deal on their cousinly relation. Her prestige is very great, the common people seeing in her a sort of incarnation of their *Bona Dea*.

I went hither and thither in the towns on the middle Broad of Maggiora, and through the most beautiful country of hills, woods, and water-streams that I know — the country between Laveno and Varese, where

Garibaldi picked up the wife whom he so soon dropped. Poverty and thriftlessness were apparent in villages and homesteads. The scarcity of token money obliged the country people and village shopkeepers to return to the system of swop and barter. This form of exchange was briskest in the morning, when country women went round offering eggs, fowls, and vegetables for the stuffs, groceries, or other goods they wanted. There was a sore cry against municipal and national taxes. Pallanza, a relatively prosperous place, was said to be crushed by town rates. In small localities the municipality is not an ideal institution. There is no strong opposition to hold it to its promises, and no blackmailing press to terrify its corrupt members into realizing that honesty is the best policy.

I was given instances of what local rates are at Pallanza. At the Albergo di Milan, a small but well-kept place, on the quay, they come to three thousand lire or francs a year. National taxes were, to put it roughly, paid on nearly everything, and the money raised by them was shamefully wasted by a cumbersome, ill-paid, and swarming civil service. As each province was brought into Italy posts were created to draw to the new kingdom the middle class, whose struggling members have so far produced the professional agitators. However wretchedly civil servants lived at home, they were, on their small salaries merely, unable to make both ends meet — so many of them had also to supply little luxuries to other men's wives. The Roman Bank scandals revealed that ministers were not above being tempted to job and indeed to be parties to swindles. A minister was paid about £8,000 sterling a year. It ought to be enough in a city like Milan or Turin, but it is insufficient at Rome. The departments in which accounts were most cooked were those of war and the navy. Fiscally speaking, north Italy and Tuscany, where there were industrious populations, paid for Rome, Sicily, and Naples, where laziness and a beggarly spirit were almost universal. Sops

were being always given to the provinces of south Italy to prevent them wishing for the restoration of the old papal and Bourbon rule, or misrule. Papal and Bourbon government were worse for the middle classes than for the common people, though bad for both. All these southern provinces did for the common weal was to furnish their contingents of sailors and soldiers to the fleet and army. The pope's Easter shows, in drawing rich foreigners and pilgrims, kept grist to the mill in Rome. A milliard of lire (£40,000,000) was spent in Naples alone in public works. It would be a blessing to the northern provinces if the southern provinces could, without weakening defensive force, drop away, to form federal states. Federation was more suitable to Italy than centralization under a monarchy. There was but one argument against it, and, as Europe stood, that was an unanswerable one—that it would certainly increase danger from without.

I was the guest for a few days of a senator residing in Lombardy in a grand, patriarchal style and bearing an illustrious name. He farmed five hundred acres of his estate, was up to chemical manures, and may be said to be running an agricultural school as much for the benefit of his tenants as for himself. Few living Italians have had more experience of politics and politicians, and it would be rare to find any one better able to profit by his knowledge, in rectifying his views, and in giving advice to king and ministers. Never wanting office, he has never been in office. He warned every successive government since Minghetti proposed, twenty years ago, the Triple Alliance to Victor Emmanuel, that the success of Italian unity must depend on honest and economical administration; without that Italy could not keep to free trade. Attempts would be made, when revenue was wasted, to recoup with duties on foreign goods, because human selfishness made people easily accept this mode of raising money that was urgently required. Protection would cut off foreign mar-

kets for Italian agricultural produce, and then a state of general financial strain would be felt. Socialism would rear its head. There is as good soil for it in Italy as in any black country. Look what head it is making at Lugano. Next to Paris and Barcelona, Lugano is the greatest Anarchist centre in Europe. Socialism was kept for eighteen hundred years in abeyance by the Church having granted a mortgage on Heaven to the working classes, in return for the privations endured in this life. So long as they believed in the security things went smoothly enough down below. All the quarrelling was above, among the upper classes. The millions are now sceptical as to the Church's power to grant the mortgage. Having got into their heads that government should be for the advantage of the greatest number, they have small respect for the vested rights of the few in a monopoly of wealth. The middle class Italian agitators have been feeding them for more than thirty years on the stock phrases of the French Jacobins. The emptiness of these phrases and catch-words is now seen through. Maladministration for the good of the classes, which are the vehicle through which government acts, is falling heavily on the masses, few of whom have, in hard times, a reserve of saved money to fall back on. In Italy peasants mostly hire the soil they till, and pay heavy rents. Republican France had the great luck at the Revolution to possess the wealthiest, and the most cowardly, nobility in Europe. It fled *en masse* abroad, leaving nearly six-tenths of the whole territory to be confiscated. There was also a wealthy and a defenseless secular clergy, whose possessions were also declared national property. Italy had no such luck. The confiscations were limited to what monasteries there were, and to crowns. Neither civil lists were abolished nor the domains of the exiled sovereigns sold in allotments. The monasteries alone were set up to auction. The civil lists and domains were amalgamated. The former come to a total royal income of fifteen million

lire—the largest civil list in Europe, outside of Russia. Most of the land in Sicily belongs to absentees, whose estates are rack-rented by factors. Sicily is like Ireland before the three F's legislation. The *fasci* is a variety of the Ribbon organization. It aims at agrarian confiscation and Home Rule. The peculiar evils from which Sicily suffered under the Bourbons have died out, and others inherent to the United Kingdom of Italy have taken their place.

The Sicilians are not in touch, save in a few towns unimportant in themselves, with the rest of the kingdom, and are a mixture of Greeks and Arabs, cemented together by a very peculiar kind of Roman Catholicism. Crispi is a typical produce of the two races. It was he, when a mere adventurer, known only to the police of Italy, Paris, and London as a dangerous man, who originated the scheme of diverting the Garibaldians in 1860 from the neighborhood of Rome by putting it into the leader's head to undertake the expedition of the Thousand. There were not a thousand Sicilians outside of Marsala, Messina, and Palermo, who wanted to be Italians when Garibaldi landed at Marsala. Crispi's object was to make Sicily a stepping-stone to political fortune, and he succeeded; but not to the degree he expected. He has now a crow to pluck with every one in power, and not least with the king himself. It is a coincidence worth noting that, since he was turned out of office, the *fasci* has reared its head as it never did before. Another remarkable coincidence is that the organization has become more turbulent since the Russian squadron left Toulon. Sicily is now, relatively to the Italian government, inconveniently near Tunis. "Did you know," my interlocutor suddenly asked me, "that Crispi, at the time of the Crimean War, was expelled from Malta because the governor believed he was an agent of Russia, and intriguing to make the isle too hot for the English? He was turned again out of that island in 1854. Bonaparte promised Malta, you may remember, to

the Emperor Paul, and the title of grand master of the order of St. John. The Emperor Nicholas may have remembered this in sending Crispi there."

A flat, rich country like Lombardy, is suitable to the development of steam tramways. This is fortunate for the tourist pressed for time and wanting to glance at Monza, Lecco, Pavia, and other places of interest at some distance from Milan. One can go on a thirty-five miles tour for two shillings. The now dead towns of north Italy were a fount of inspiration in the fifteenth or sixteenth century to western Europe. I felt, in visiting them, as if I were at the home of ancestors to whom love, admiration, and reverence are due. The Emperor Charles V. the patron of Titian was descended from the Sforza. The memorials of the Visconti and the Sforza families form a page of history of the deepest interest to those knowing how to read them. To all such they cast a vivid light on the rise of France during the Renaissance and of England in the Elizabethan time. Shakespeare drank deep at the fount of Italian art, however he may have got it. The germs of all his bright comedies and of his most pathetic tragedy were wafted from north Italy to England, where they found in him a congenial soil. He takes nothing from Florence, Bologna, Perugia, Siena, or Rome. Naples merely affords him one title for a secondary character. But he assimilated Lombardy and Venice in a manner that appears almost miraculous, seeing that—so far as we know—he never visited those states. The clear, bright intellects and quick sensibilities revealed in the faces of Leonardo's feminine faces, have their counterparts in Viola, Beatrice, Portia, and Juliet.

Monza, the royal burg, is as shabby a burg as Moncalieri, near Turin, which boasts of a suburban palace that was until 1864 the St. Germain-en-Laye of the house of Savoy. The seat of King Humbert, at Monza, is a building painted light buff, without architectural pretensions, and was built when Ver-

sailles gave the tone to European architects. Its park is laid out in the Trianon style, and it furnished Marie Antoinette with the pines and poplars she planted in her English gardens. The trimness and fine style of the house are a nice change after the dirt, dinginess, and deadness of the town. One has fine vistas of distant Alps in walking in the home-park, which is green from artificial irrigation, like a Swiss meadow. The king was at Monza when I was there. He often drove into Milan to see friends at his palace. Just then discontent was rife at the money crisis and the strain on the finances, which every one was saying was brought about by the Triple Alliance policy. A first-class Lombardy newspaper, which, indeed, was universally accused of taking large bribes from the French Foreign Office, was constantly attacking the king as the mainstay of that policy. But what was very remarkable, while the policy was unpopular, every one I spoke to on the subject said that it could not be helped, and that the king was not to be blamed. Ferry, and, since he fell, every other prime minister, had tried it on with Italy. Victor Emmanuel's fatal illness originated in an angry conversation at the Quirinal with Gambetta, who went there to prepare him for the seizure of Tunis by France. That king denied that he owed France anything. He had given her Savoy and Nice, he had offered to send three hundred thousand men early in the spring of 1870 to help the Emperor Napoleon if the French troops were at once withdrawn from Rome. Instead of meeting this offer, the Olivier Cabinet intrigued with Austria to prevent the Council at the Vatican being dissolved as the Italian cardinals wanted, and to secure the success of the Ultras in a vote favorable to the pope's claim to infallibility.

Prince Bismarck, in October of the same year, offered to secure the retrocession of Savoy and Nice to Italy if the Italian troops invaded them. The whole French frontier was unguarded, and a single division would have been enough to take possession of Savoy.

The king sent for Sénard, then French minister at Florence, and told him of the message he had received. He said: "France has had material payment for helping Italy against Austria; but all debt of gratitude is cleared off by Italy now refusing to help Germany against France." The king pointed out that, though Tunis was more Italian than French, Count Corti was emphatically instructed at Berlin not to listen to Bismarck when he offered to stand by Italy if she sent an expedition there. Victor Emmanuel declared that he would never consent to a French occupation. It was not what Prince Bismarck said to Count Corti, but what Gambetta said to the king, a few days before the latter's death, that stirred the Italian consul in Tunis to activity. M. Ferry made a grievance of this, and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire was instructed to tell General Cialdini that Italy, in claiming Tunis, was like a woman who stinted herself in underclothing to buy jewellery. Italy was often threatened by French cabinets, since Victor Emmanuel's death, with the restoration of temporal power. The threats were not made in terms, but in acts. At one time the seizure of Tunis would have been treated as a thing of the past if the Law of Papal Guarantees had been accepted by France. Gambetta, Ferry, Spuller, Duclerc, refused. Gambetta, as foreign minister, said to the Italian ambassador: "France has only to frown at Italy to make her fall to pieces." This idea has often since been expressed in words and deeds. How, then, could Italy help arming to the teeth and seeking for allies in Austria and Germany? Her great and burdensome army is a cruel fatality of her situation. The pope was next described as "the soul of the Franco-Russian combination. He had slipped away from Catholic Poland and Austria to ingratiate himself with the czar. It was by his advice that the Royalists furlled their flag at the last elections. Did not a Continental statesman, who certainly was in the confidence of the French Foreign Office, ventilate, in an

English review, the scheme entertained there of a Latin confederation, having France for its real, and the pope for its honorary, head, with a broken-up Italy to revolve as satellites round both ? ”

EMILY CRAWFORD.

From The Nineteenth Century.

CHINESE POETRY IN ENGLISH VERSE.

FOR many centuries the Chinese nation has closely cultivated the poetic art, and still turns out annually more poetry than all the rest of the world put together. Verse-making is an important factor in the national life of China. At the competitive examinations, through which admission is obtained to an official career, poetry divides the honors with prose. A student who can construct elegant verse is pretty sure of his coveted degree. If he

Can plant within that verse a thought

he is already well on his way towards dominion, *e.g.*, as a viceroy, over perhaps as many millions of his fellow-countrymen as are included in the population of the British Isles.

All modern Chinese statesmen are poets more or less. The late Marquis Tséng, who taught himself English with only the aid of a Murray's Grammar and a Nuttall's Dictionary, began early to drop into poetry. The following "Ode at Parting" was handed by him to an English fellow-traveller on one of the local steamers : —

When we reach the mouth of the river,
See how the ocean red !
Very glad to meet you
And talk on the captain's bed.

Poets, properly so called, are not to be found in China at the present day. A poet is, in Chinese terms, a "wind man ;" that is, one whose spirituality is quickened by the divine *Aura*. He is, emphatically, born, and not made. Li T'ai-po (A.D. 699-762), the greatest of the "old masters," positively lisped in numbers. At ten years of age he indited the following impromptu : —

To a Firefly.

Rain cannot quench thy lantern's light ;
Wind makes it shine more brightly bright.
Oh, why not fly to heaven afar,
And twinkle near the moon — a star ?

This, with a few similar effusions, brought him ultimately to the notice of the emperor, and he went up in court favor like a rocket — to come down, alas ! like the stick. But both before and after his fall he had committed much to paper which the Chinese of to-day treasure as the legacy of an immortal. In later life he was an exile and a man of sorrows, which, after the fashion of Chinese poets, he did his best to drown in wine ; until at length, if we can believe one account of his death, he finished by drowning himself. Alone at night on the deck of a pleasure-boat, after a carouse to which his boon-companions had succumbed, he composed the following lines : —

Drinking Alone by Moonlight.

An arbor of flowers
and a kettle of wine :
Alas ! in the bowers
no companion is mine. . .
Then the moon sheds her rays
on my goblet and me,
And my shadow betrays
we're a party of three !
Though the moon cannot swallow
her share of the grog,
And my shadow must follow
wherever I jog,
Yet their friendship I'll borrow
and gaily carouse,
And drive away sorrow
while Springtime allows.
See the moon — how she glances
Response to my song !
See my shadow — it dances
so lightly along !
While sober I feel,
you are both my good friends ;
When drunken I reel,
our companionship ends.
But we'll soon have a greeting
without a good-bye
At our next merry meeting
away in the sky !

With the concluding words the poet is said to have leant down to seize the moon's reflection on the water, when, losing his balance, he fell into the stream and was drowned.

Of course, Li T'ai-po wrote a good deal about the miseries of exile. The Chinese suffer horribly from nostalgia. To them exile is a curse indeed, even when it only means transfer to a distant post. "Parting" is in fact a stock subject with Chinese versifiers. The term meant so much in the old days when an official would travel from Peking to Canton overland, a three months' journey, with all its deadly risks of bandits, river-pirates, want of funds, storm, flood, and disease. In some such mood we can imagine that Li T'ai-po wrote his

Farewell by the River.

The breeze blows the willow-scent in from the dell,

While Phyllis with bumpers would fain cheer me up ;

Dear friends press around me to bid me farewell :

Good-bye ! and good-bye !—and yet just one more cup. . . .

I whisper, *Thou'lt see this great stream flow away*

Ere I cease to love as I love thee to-day.

The following is a variation of the same theme, by the same poet ; the only difference being that whereas in the lines above Li T'ai-po was himself the traveller, he is now bidding adieu to a friend :—

Where blue hills cross the northern sky,

Beyond the moat which girds the town,

'Twas there we stopped to say *Good-bye* !

And one white sail alone dropped down.

Your heart was full of wandering thought ;

For me, my sun had set indeed ;

To wave a last adieu we sought—

Voiced for us by each whinnying steed !

The horses which neigh farewell are those on the large house-boat of the traveller and those remaining behind with the traveller's friends who came to see him off.

Many pages would be required to exhaust the leave-takings even of a single poet. One more example, from the pen of the famous poet Wang Wei, will perhaps be enough for most readers :—

Adieu.

We parted at the gorge, and cried *Good cheer* !

The sun was setting as I closed my door ;

Methought, the spring will come again next year,

But *he* may come no more.

The feelings of an exile on the way to his place of banishment have been thus expressed by Wang Ch'ang-ling :

Onwards to-night my storm-beat course I steer ;

At dawn, these mountains will forever fade.

Should those I leave behind inquire my cheer,

Tell them, *An icy heart in vase of jade.*

"Jade," which is generally used as an emblem of purity, here signifies cold. True jade is known to the curio-hunter by its coldness to the tip of the tongue as compared with the relative warmth of the imitation article.

The longings for home which are ever present to the Chinese exile are thus described by Kao Shih :—

In Exile.

White gleam the gulls across the darkling tide ;

On the green hills the red flowers seem to burn ;

Alas ! I see another spring has died . . .

When will it come—the day of my return ?

But to-morrow does not always fulfil the promises of to-day, in China more than anywhere else. Sometimes the much-wished-for day has been too long deferred. Witness in this sense a quatrain by Ho Chih-chang :—

The Exile's Return.

Bowed down with age I seek my native place ;

Unchanged my speech, my hair is silvered now ;

My very children do not know my face,

But smiling ask, *O stranger, whence art thou ?*

Even a moderate absence from home, especially at points beyond the reach of the postal system, gives cause for much anxiety to the returning wanderer. The following lines, by Li Pin, refer to military life :—

No letters to the frontier come . . .

The winter softens into spring . . .

I tremble as I draw near home,

And dare not ask what news you bring.

These four-line stanzas, consisting

either of five or seven words to each line, are great favorites with Chinese poets. The amount that can be got out of one — perhaps read into it — is truly astonishing. Chinese poems are never very long. At the public examinations of the present day the limit is twelve lines of five words to each — another instance of the practical character of the Chinese people. If a man cannot say all he has to say worth hearing in twelve lines, he is no longer wanted as a poet in China. The "old masters" were allowed more license in their own day, but the license was always sparingly used.

To return. The separation of husband and wife is a theme which has not been neglected by Chinese poets. Hsü Kan wrote : —

Since my lord left — ah me, unhappy day ! —
My mirror's dust has not been brushed away ;
My heart, like running water, knows no peace,
But bleeds and bleeds forever without cease.

Chang Chiu-ling tried to improve on the above, as follows : —

Since my lord left — ah me, unhappy hour ! —
The half-spun web hangs idle in my bower ;
My heart is like the full moon, full of pains,
Save that 'tis always full, and never wanes.

The husband is often away at the wars ; wars, for the most part, with the accursed Turkic tribes of the north. He is made to play Ulysses, as above, to his wife's Penelope. The question always is, when will he get home again ? Sometimes we have a picture of him in camp. Han Yü writes : —

Across the steppes the bitter north winds
 roam ;
At dawn the Tartar moon shines cold and
 bright ;
My soul relapses into dreams of home,
Till the loud *rappel* summons to the fight.

Here is another camp picture by Wang Han : —

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'Tis night ; the grape-juice mantles high
 in brimming cups galore ;
We set to drink ; but now the bugle
 sounds to horse once more.
Oh marvel not if drunken we
 lie strewed about the plain ;
How few of all who seek the fight
 will e'er come back again !

The following by Kai Chia-yün, is from a wife to her husband at the wars : —

Drive the young orioles away,
Nor let them through the branches play ;
Their chirping breaks my slumber through,
And keeps me from my dreams of you.

Hsieh Fang-tê gives us a glimpse of quite another state of things in lines which might be headed thus : —

At his Club.

Long past midnight the wife hears the
 goatsucker's cry,
And rises to see that the silkworms are
 fed . . .
Alas ! there's the moon shining low in the
 sky,
But her husband has not yet come back
 to her bed.

Love-songs are rare in Chinese poetry, in consequence of the separation of the sexes and the partial seclusion of women. Immoral poetry is still rarer. Just as the Confucian canon is absolutely free from impure word or thought of any kind, so in the same sense is the great bulk of Chinese poetry equally without reproach. The following, by Wei Ying-wu, which would do well enough for a valentine, is only from a friend to a friend : —

In autumn, when the nights are chill,
I stroll, and croon, and think of thee :
When dropping pine-cones strew the hill,
Say, hast thou waking dreams of me ?

Friendship is of course a very favorite theme. Chao Chia writes : —

Alone I mount to the kiosk which stands
 on the river-bank, and sigh,
While the moonbeams dance on the tops of
 the waves
 where the waters touch the sky.
For the lovely scene is to last year's scene
 as like as like can be ;
All but the friends, the much-loved friends,
 who gazed at the moon with me.

The ladies of the harem, however, come in for a fair share of the poet's attention. China has more than once had its destinies swayed by an imperial favorite, whose rise and fall have suggested verses in various trains of thought. The following lines are put by the poet Huang Fu-chi into the mouth of a dethroned beauty who evidently does not think that her day is fairly past : —

See ! fair girls are flocking through corridors bright,

With music and mirth borne along on the breeze . . .

Come, tell me, has she who is favored to-night

Got eyebrows much longer than these ?

The vanity of human wishes is recognized in China as elsewhere. Here are some verses by an anonymous poet on this well-worn subject : —

Riches and rank, — a morning dream in spring ;

Fame, — but an unsubstantial cloud above ;
Thy very body is not thine for aye ;

Hate is the end of Love.

Fix not a golden collar on thy neck ;
Be not with chain of jade in service bound ;
Pure heart and few desires : earth's dust
shake off —

And happiness is found !

Dozens of Chinese poems have been written in praise of the hermit's life. A mountain hut, with the usual clear stream, etc., retirement from the dusty world, and sweet commune with nature — these are the only real terrestrial joys, whatever there may be to come. In the following lines the poet Ch'ên Po tells the tale of his own disillusionment : —

For ten long years I plodded through
the vale of lust and strife ;
Then through my dreams there flashed a
ray

of the old sweet peaceful life. . . .
No scarlet-tasselled hat of state
can vie with soft repose ;

Grand mansions do not taste the joys
that the poor man's cabin knows.

I hate the threatening clash of arms
when fierce retainers throng ;

I loathe the drunkard's revels, and
the sound of life and song.

But I love to seek a quiet nook, and
some old volume bring,
Where I can see the wild flowers bloom,
and hear the birds in spring.

The last word reminds me how fond Chinese poets have always been of singing the ever-recurring changes of the seasons. Spring is the favorite season. "Half an hour of a spring night," says the proverb, "is worth a hundred ounces of gold." In this connection we may take the following lines by Tu Fu : —

A petal falls ! — the Spring begins to fail,
And my heart saddens with the growing
gale.

Come, then, ere spoils of Spring bestrew
the ground,

Do not forget to pass the wine-cup
round. . . .

Kingfishers build where man once laughed
elate,

And marble dragons guard his graveyard
gate !

Who follows pleasure, he alone is wise ;
Why waste our life in deeds of high em-
prise ?

Another poet, Yeh Chi, writes : —

Shadows of pairing sparrows cross his
book ;

Of poplar catkins, dropping overhead. . . .
The weary student, from his window-nook,
Looks up to find the Spring is long since
dead.

"The weary student" means something more with the Chinese than it does with us. We bethink ourselves, perhaps, of the young man cramming for some "exam" with a wet towel round his head and a cup of coffee by his side. With the Chinese there is no limit of age, so that often middle-aged and sometimes old men are seen struggling for honors they have coveted for years but have never been able to obtain. For such a one, it is a serious matter to find that another spring has slipped by.

The following poem, by Huang T'ing-chien, refers to the annual spring festival of sacrifice at the ancestral tombs, when even the humblest individual does his best to sweep the space before the family grave, and to make

offerings of meat, wine, and paper money, to the spirits of the deceased :—

The peach and plum trees smile with flowers

this famous day of Spring,

While country graveyards round about with lamentations ring.

Thunder has startled insect life, and roused the gnats and bees ;

A gentle rain has urged the crops, and soothed the flowers and trees. . . .

Perhaps on this side lie the bones of a wretch whom no one knows ;

On that, the sacred ashes of a patriot repose.

But who, across the centuries, can hope to mark each spot

Where fool and hero, joined in death, beneath the brambles rot ?

The same theme is thus treated by Kao Chū-mèn.

The northern and the southern hills are one large burying-ground, And all is life and bustle there when the sacred day comes round.

Burnt paper *cash*, like butterflies, fly fluttering far and wide, While mourners' robes with tears of blood a crimson hue are dyed.

The sun sets, and the red fox crouches down beside the tomb ;

Night comes, and youths and maidens laugh, while lamps light up the gloom.

Let him whose fortune brings him wine get tipsy while he may ;

For no man, when the long night comes, can take one drop away !

Yang Chū-yüan thus distinguishes between spring and summer :—

The landscape which the *poet* loves is that of early May,

When budding greenness half concealed enwraps each willow spray. . . .

The beautiful embroidery which the days of summer yield

Appeals to every bumpkin who may take his walks afield.

Chu Shu-chên has the following stanza on "Summer :"—

What time the bamboo casts a deeper shade ;

When birds fill up the afternoon with song ;

When catkins vanish, and when pear-blossoms fade,—

Then man is weary, and the day is long.

Just as spring is written up by Chinese poets as the season of life and growth, so is autumn usually written down as the season of decay and death. The poet Ch'eng Ching, however, who composed the accompanying verses, did not allow sentiment to get the better of his philosophy :—

I wander north, I wander south,

I rest me where I please. . . .

See how the river-banks are nipped Beneath the Autumn breeze !

Yet what care I if Autumn blasts

The river-banks lay bare ?

The loss of hue to river-banks

Is the river-banks' affair.

The love of the Chinese for flowers and gardens is well known. Their poetry abounds with floral images, allusions, descriptions, and conceits of all kinds. The following lines are by Yeh Shih :—

At a Park Gate.

'Tis closed !—lest trampling footsteps mar the glory of the green.

Time after time we knock and knock : no janitor is seen.

Yet bolts and bars can't quite shut in the Springtime's beauteous pall. . .

A pink-flowered almond-spray peeps out athwart the envious wall !

I subjoin a few more stanzas on various topics :—

The Poet.

You ask what my soul does away in the sky ;

I inwardly smile but I cannot reply.

Like the peach-blossom carried away by the stream,

I soar to a world of which you cannot dream.

LI T'AI-PO.

Solitude among the Hills.

The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,

The last cloud has just floated lazily by ;

But we never tire of each other, not we, As we sit there together—the mountains and I.

LI T'AI-PO.

At the Top of a Pagoda.

Upon this tall pagoda's peak

My hands can nigh the stars enclose ;

I dare not raise my voice to speak,

For fear of startling God's repose.

YANG TA-NIEN.

Thoughts on the View from an Old Tower.
The story of a thousand years

In one brief morning lies unrolled ;
Though other voices greet the ears,
'Tis still the moonlit tower of old.

The heroes of those thousand years ?
Alas ! like running water, gone ;
Yet still the fever-blast one hears,
And still the plum-rain patters on.

'Twas here ambition marched sublime
(An empty fame scarce marks the spot) ;
Away ! . . . for I will never climb
To see flowers bloom and man forgot !

ANONYMOUS.

Regrets.

My eyes saw not the men of old ;
And now their age away has rolled
I weep — to think I shall not see
The heroes of posterity !

CH'EN TZU-ANG.

Carpe Diem.

I would not have thee grudge those robes
which gleam in rich array,
But I would have thee grudge the hours
of youth which glide away.

Go, pluck the blooming flower betimes,
lest when thou com'st again
Alas, upon the withered stem
no blooming flowers remain !

TU CH'U-NIANG (*a Nanking lady*).

The Hardest Moon.

Bright in the void the mirror moon appears,
To the hushed music of the heavenly
spheres,

Full orb'd, while autumn wealth beneath
her lies,

On her eternal journey through the skies.

Oh, may we ever walk within the light,
Nor lose the true path in the eclipse of
night !

Oh, let us mount where rays of glory beam,
And purge our grossness in the Silver
Stream !

CHI P'ò.

It is impossible, of course, in a desultory sketch of this kind to give any very clear idea of the scope and value of Chinese poetry. The few specimens here presented are taken from a collection of pieces which I have chosen at random, and translated from time to time. For the purposes of this article I have eliminated all such as contain allusions to history or mythology, though it is precisely amongst these that many of the greatest efforts

of the Chinese poet are to be found. I have not drawn upon the venerable "Book of Odes," that work being already accessible to English readers. The poems given belong to what we may call the Augustan age of Chinese literature ; roughly, from 600 to 900 A.D. They are one and all familiar enough to the ordinary Chinese schoolboy, who commits them to memory as models of style upon which to form his own.

He is notably a weak advocate who begins with extenuations. I strove, therefore, to avoid at the beginning of this paper any reference to the difficulties which beset the translator of a Chinese poem. Rémusat said, "*La langue poétique des Chinois est véritablement intraduisible.*" Père Cibot more aptly speaks of translating Chinese poetry as "copying a miniature in chalk," in allusion to the delicate finish which it is always so impossible to transfer from one language to another. Nothing, indeed, is more highly appreciated by the Chinese than that subtlety of expression by which the maximum area of thought is covered with the minimum expenditure of vocabulary, — in fact, what Tennyson has described as

All the wealth of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word.

Again, the Chinese have declared boldly and openly for *obscurity* in poetical compositions. One well-known writer says, "The men of old reckoned it to be the highest excellence in their poetry that the meaning should lie beyond the words, so that their readers would have to think it out."

Such being the case, it is obviously no light task to make Chinese poetry even intelligible to English readers. Something has to go by the board. Meanwhile, it is consoling to reflect that Homer and Horace must still be read in the original, and that the lilt of one of Burns's simplest verses cannot be imparted through the medium of the purest French. Look on this picture : —

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,

Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

And now on that (latest rendering) :
Si nous n'avions jamais aimé si passionné-
ment,
Si nous n'avions jamais aimé si aveuglé-
ment,
Si nous ne nous étions jamais vus ou jamais
quittés,
Nous n'aurions jamais eu nos cœurs brisés !

Would any Frenchman be likely to believe from the above that Burns was a poet ? Yet the English people have no doubts on the point. With changed names the same fable may be told of Chinese poetry in English verse.

HERBERT A. GILES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE STORY OF MARGRÉDEL :

BEING A FIRESIDE HISTORY OF A
FIFESHIRE FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIGHT as Jean had been in the short, happy, if somewhat giddy days when the drawing-room at Eden Braes had been a *salon* where she entertained wise and witty men, her spirit did not shine out as it shone when she saw her house more and more the resort of drunken wags, and her husband losing caste. She received these cronies of his with charming grace, as if they had been the retinue of a prince instead of drunken civic dignitaries from Cupar, or disreputable farmers and bonnet lairds. Nor did she shrink from receiving them after her accident, but was wheeled to the table and conversed gaily, steeling herself against their coarse jests and tales, nerving herself against her abhorrence and pain, in a mad hope of redeeming her table from the shame of it, and of her husband, who got drunk before his guests, so skilfully did she engage them. And then, when she had at last to go, she was wheeled back to her room, broken down, aged with each night's engagement, her hair greying as she listened to the carousal across the hall.

Meanwhile her children were growing up together. One of little Willy's

earliest recollections was of being ushered into boyhood and a boy's suit. Previously to this the cribs of the two had stood side by side in the night nursery. Now Willy was to have a room of his own, and these two symbols of departed childhood almost turned his head.

It seemed strange to have to kiss each other good-night on the head of the staircase, instead of calling it out sleepily from underneath the blankets in the nursery. So they made it up to keep their doors open, which would make the distance between them less, they thought.

Little Jean was just falling off to sleep when a noise across the lobby aroused her. Rising softly, she crept to her brother's room and peeped in. Evidently the putting on of a new suit could not be delayed until the morning, for there he stood arrayed in his velvet trousers, and fighting with the buttons of his blouse.

"How nasty of 'oo, Jean," he pouted, as his sister interrupted him. "I was coming to give 'oo a surprise."

But Jean fastened his blouse, crying, "Shoo ! shoo !" making believe the time, as she had seen her mother do, that she was driving the black dog from his shoulders.

Willy paraded up and down in his own room, and then the pair stole across the lobby to the nursery in order that he might see himself in the long mirror there.

It chanced that Douglas Oliphant had left the company he was entertaining, and he heard the little laugh of his daughter Jean, as her brother made some grotesque attempt to magnify the attractiveness of his new dress.

At the sound of his footsteps on the stair the two little heads peeped out to see who was coming. They were fond and not at all afraid of their father, and laughed as his tall frame filled the nursery doorway.

His seven years at Eden Braes had made a change upon him. His handsome figure, trained by hard fortune, was bent a little now under a load of flesh, and his carriage was no longer

easy. The beauty of his features, which for a time a fast life had helped to intensify, was now paying the penalty of debauch. There was still the dark glance on his face, and the wily wine sparkled in his eye.

And yet the painter could not have wished a lovelier picture than that was to be seen in the nursery this night. The dark scowl on Douglas's face changed to a pleased smile as Jean in her nightdress, her white feet curled against the cold floor, and her hair lying along her shoulders, turned her brother round and round to show off the beauties of his velvet blouse.

What a blessing is man's inconsistency, as we call it ! Would his friends below have credited Douglas Oliphant with filling up the blanks in the carouse with caresses from his children ? Who knows ? Who knows how many of them, too, were treading the downward steps with their eyes on the stars ?

"Off to bed, little one. Why, you're quite cold," Douglas said to Jean, and gave her a kiss.

"You'll come with me," he said to Willy. Taking the laughing boy in his arms, he carried him down-stairs, and, entering the dining-room, set him on the table in the midst of his guests.

"My son and heir, gentlemen," he cried laughingly.

Willy's sister heard the clink of the glasses and the sound of voices as she lay and listened. What strange thoughts come into little heads on sleepless pillow ! We grow away from integrity with our clothes. The child thinks and feels and acts, all in one ; when he grows older, all the parts of him fall to pieces and go their own way ; and only the grace of God, we are told, can make them one, as he made them in the beginning.

That laughter and clink of glasses which she heard nightly down there meant an unknown world to the girl. And now Willy had joined it. That was what she felt, dimly, just as she felt that Willy looked up to her to be influenced. She was only a child, excited and weary. Perhaps being left alone with the gathering shadows of

the nursery for the first time strung her imagination unduly. So she did not fall asleep, but lay and listened and wondered.

By and by Willy came up-stairs, and felt his way to her bedside.

"Jean, are 'oo sleeping ?"

"No, Willy."

There was a long pause, during which he had crept closer to her.

"Jean, what makes mamma cry so ?"

"Mamma cry ?"

"Daddy took me into her room to show my new dress, Jean, and" — his voice grew awed here — "she had to lay down her work for crying. Did you ever hear of another Willy, Jean ?"

"Another Willy ?" said Jean meditatively. "No, — just you, Willy."

There was another long pause, and Willy said again : —

"Yes ; but there must have been another, Jean, and mamma said he was like me, and kissed me and began to cry, and dad sent me to bed."

A muffled shout of laughter sounded up the staircase and reached the ears of the two children, who were awed at their mother's tears. Willy pressed closer to Jean, and she put her little arms round him, and, crying at the incongruity of that laughter and that sorrow, the two fell asleep together.

When Willy, arrayed for the first time in his new suit, his yellow hair hanging around his boyish face, entered his mother's room on Douglas's hand, the image of his Uncle Wull flashed across her mind. And with that image came the recollection of her fresh young days, when she had known him, though not so young, still the picture of her own boy here ; and with that recollection looking into the face of her unhappy lot, chained to her chair, and her sad, sad life, what wonder the tears flooded her eyes, and she had to lay down the work which she could no longer see for them ?

But Douglas, with too much wine in his head, was furious at this reception.

"He's the very picture o' Wull, Dug ;" and when Willy in elation began to speak of what the gentlemen in the dining-room said to him, she took

him from his father's hand, and clung to him and kissed him. And Douglas, rudely taking him from her, carried him to the door and sent him up-stairs.

"O Dug! Dug!" Jean cried; and when he came back at her call, she had her face in her hands. She had never broken down so before him.

"Spare the laddie," she cried; "he's too young for such company."

"He's only a bairn," he said. "My company's good enough for him," he added, with an oath. "Where have you any better?" and he would have flouted at those who were used to come but did not now.

But she caught him by the sleeve, the poor crippled woman trying with all the power of pleading in her eyes, in her voice, to make up for the winning ways and caresses with which she had conquered him when in the old days she hung low upon his arm.

Even then a gust of laughter, the same laughter that was sending two little hearts up-stairs asleep with the mystery of sorrow, sounded across the lobby.

"D'ye hear it, Dug?" she cried, holding him tight, with an agony in her voice. "D'ye hear that, Dug? It's death to the boy to be there. It's been death to our happiness, Dug. I maun listen to it, though it's a knife in my heart, as I sit here night after night, and my bonnie love in there among't, and me all my lane."

"I maun listen to it and their jests and foul tongues," she went on, "and you sitting by, Dug. They've no respect for a woman, none for your wife. No respect for her grey hairs." She laughed hysterically, and held up a lock. "They're grey, Dug; look! I would bear all that, and more, if you'd spare the laddie. Spare me the thought of him in there."

When Douglas returned to his company it was wild, hilarious, full of wine. One madder than the others, seeing his sobered face within the door, in the midst of his own tipsy revel, staggered to his feet.

"Hullo, Oliphant! Back from the bosom of your family, eh?"

And then, recalling a toast he may have heard at that same table, in better days, on lips better than his own, he hiccupped out,—

"Here's to the bonny mistress of Eden Braes!" and drank his drunken bumper.

Douglas with a stride faced him, and dashing the glass from his lips, laid him low beside it.

And this got noised abroad, painting Douglas's reputation blacker than ever; for it is the penalty of sin that its very remedies must sometimes violate the law and the Gospel. But on this account his table became less the resort of braggarts, and of men content to buy their wine with a subservient wit.

Jean would scarcely allow the children out of her sight when she was well enough to have them beside her. But often, after any excitement, after her pleading with Douglas, for example, she was ill and prostrate, and sat in her chair with care and anxiety for her boy and girl eating the strength out of her.

And so Jean and Willy grew up together in Eden Braes.

CHAPTER V.

It is time now to tell of their uncle's doings during those years of estrangement.

It would have been a miracle had he come quite unspoiled out of his sorrowful youth. Perhaps you think that Wull Oliphant (for so I had better call him, as every one did, lest he be mixed up with his nephew Willy) embraced his experience of it too fondly. Well, we may safely allow the early years their enthusiasm and sensitiveness, when time is so ready to take the edge off them. Had Wull been thrown back upon himself by the calamities of his boyhood, he might rapidly have become selfish and hard-hearted, as those are apt to be whose hopes are very bright before the cold douche is brought to play upon them. What saved him from his danger was a healthy trading instinct. Through it he had become, to an extent unusual in one so young, a man of affairs in his native town, and

an adviser of many men in their ventures. He sat among the bigwigs at the upper end of the Council Board, where the lamp burned. For in these days the humbler representatives of the citizens were huddled together at the bottom, where they were expected, like the little boys, to be seen and not heard. They were not even very well seen, for when one of them made a remark, those at the top would peer down into the darkness, and say, "Wha's that speakin' doon there?" As for criticising, they never dreamed of it. The name of Saunders Thomson was a memory in the town simply because he had ventured to do so, and had been told from the chair, "If it werena for the place you're in, my man, I wud jail ye."

Nor, in spite of his enterprises being crippled when Douglas withdrew with his portion, did Wull fail to build up his own fortunes. The doors of all Kirkealdy houses which he chose to enter were open for him from his birth. But, he not being jovially inclined, his other amiable qualities could not have opened the hearts of his fellow-merchants had there not been joined to them an aptitude for striking a bargain. Wonderful good fortune attended the sailing of his ships, and (in the language of the place) he was a "well-to-do man."

Besides, no one unless he were a hermit could have failed to be touched with something of the color of the manner of living then in vogue. Uncouth in its manners, vernacular and boisterous in its ways, it was a kindly generation Wull was born into.¹ In these days, when the villa was not dreamed of, men knew their position, and could live and joke and cultivate a familiar wit in the knowledge. Honest burghers, half-witted naturals, even

¹ Two little facts suggest more of its genius than volumes could do. One is that Bailie Malcolm, with the consent of the Crocodile Club, translated *dramatis personæ* as "a dram for each person." The other is that Trickle Morton, who cried a worthy baker's pies of a Saturday night, did so thus: "Pies hot! pies hot! Penny anes and two-penny wans." The elegance of *wans* (*Anglicè* ones), as compared to *anes*, was to the mind of the town only a due recognition of the might of wealth.

some who claimed a touch of gentleness, dwelt on the same stair-head, and rubbed shoulders on the causeway in a friendly way without averted eyes. The ladies were homely, but as proud as they were homely, and beauty in ruffles and three inches of heels was something of a divinity, as was right when every youth was something of a beau.

Wull Oliphant did not take full advantage of the wide gamut of pleasure thus afforded. He was one of the few in his generation in whom was to be found the serious mind which in the next was to work many righteous cures, but at a great expense of lightness of heart.

"He's a very solemncholy youth, Will'um Oliphant," Bailie Malcolm said often to his brethren of the Crocodile Club. Still, he invited the solemncholy youth to his house, and made him very welcome, as did all who had daughters, it being an unnatural thing that he should live always alone in that big, solitary house. His pleasures, taken thus mildly, and his being much made of, did not dispel the loneliness of his home, nor make him forget all the causes of it. But with his business, and the friendliness of his fellow-men, and the unspoken sympathy of old Marjory's attentions, they helped to do so. And when to them was added romance, his troubles were almost forgotten.

When Beatrix Morley came north from London to visit Bailie Malcolm and his family, she found Wull, who happened to be journeying home from Edinburgh, a very practical help in the trials of her passage at Pettycur Ferry. Wearied and sick as she was, she drew funny mental pictures of herself and her rustic cavalier (for so she thought of him); and in course of time the friends she had left received a very lively account of her journey, and of a certain "tall, fair, handsome young man of these parts," who bespoke special comforts to her.

"Do not picture my champion dressed in a kilt," she wrote, "but in wonderfully well-fitting breeches, which

show him a tolerable figure when he stands straight upon his legs, for in bowing he has much to learn. He is a man of no little importance in this district as well as in his own eyes (which are clear blue, by the way), as I might have guessed from the respect paid his rather authoritative manner. But I was too sick to notice anything. I only learned it when our coach stopped before a plain-looking inn near the centre of this town, where Cousin Malcolm and Mary and Kate awaited me. My knight of the Ferry was introduced to me as a Mr. William Oliphant; but the girls call him 'Wull,' and Cousin Malcolm says they are 'weel acquaint;' so I may expect to see more of him. What a sight we must have presented on board that boat! Fancy the big retriever of the barrack-yard—do you remember it? a consequential animal—fancy it, returning from dining and fussing about your kitten—only, I didn't feel kittenish. But I'm sure I feel grateful."

She had told him so very prettily at parting, giving him a white, ungloved hand.

"Safe at last! I shall ever be grateful to you," she said.

"I am aye at your service, madam, and glad to find we have friends in common," was his reply; and it was then that she noticed his bow, which he made in his best manner, with fifty pairs of eyes at High Street windows looking down with pride.

The bailie patted Wull on the shoulder, getting almost on his tip-toes to do so, and said loftily:—

"Will'um will join us in a hand at whist on an early nicht."

"Just as one of ourselves," he added, as he gave his arm to the smiling but still pale Beatrix, and left Wull to walk home on air.

In that letter she wrote home Beatrix scarcely did justice to her satirical powers. But she showed her observance in that touch about his "rather authoritative manner." It was the manner of one accustomed to play "first fiddle," as we say, and scarcely became so young a man. But it was

exaggerated by a new excitement. The touch of austerity in him could not prevent a century's legacy of gallantry now and then cropping to the surface. He had never brought the roses to the cheeks of his captains' daughters, as Douglas did, and would have done to Beatrix's, if anybody could have made them show through the powder there. Douglas always had the rakish air. But the fires leaped up unaccountably in Wull when the pale, beautiful face, with its expressive eyes, looked up to him in thanks for the offer of an exchange of seats in that uncomfortable, pitching pinnacle.

So it came about that this chance meeting brought to Beatrix Morley's feet, when she first flashed upon Kirkcaldy society, the most eligible of the young sparks who were expected to toast her in their cups. It was a very provincial society, and a small star made a wonderful lustre in it. Mary and Kate Malcolm, for example, the bailie's daughters, who were as far removed from beauty as from plainness, did a good deal of twinkling; but, indeed, Beatrix would have outshone bright stars anywhere, and knew it, and condescended much, in consequence, upon her cousin the bailie and his associates.

She honored Wull with a delightful *tête-à-tête* when he accepted the Malcolms' invitation two evenings later. Kate and her father were playing their after-dinner game of draughts when he went in, and Beatrix allowed him a seat close by where she sat, looking more charming than ever in the bailie's big chair by the fire. The occasion of their first meeting stood them in good stead when other subjects failed them, and she was ever ready with a fresh, comical description of her evil plight. When two young people are pleased to recur to one topic of conversation, it is a sign they are on good terms with each other. These two even pledged themselves friends in an indirect way.

"Oh, dear me," Beatrix said, at the end of a hearty laugh at some recollection—trivial enough, unless told in

such circumstances. "It's dreadful to think of the trouble I gave you."

"Ye ga'e me none," he said. "Ten times as much would have been a pleasure."

She laughed in her corner.

"Ten times naught are naught," she said, in schoolboy tones. "I always heard that you Scotch were exact and logical and cool-headed. But your argument rushes on like Paul's epistles."

I rather think that Beatrix illustrating from Paul's epistles must have been delightful.

"Sunday's sermon," thought Kate.

"Tell Beatrix what Rab Hetherwick, the Cupar carrier, said," the bailie interposed. (They all knew that he meant to tell her himself.) "Rab was arguing a point with his minister, and the minister thought to grip him by saying, 'But Paul says so-and-so.' 'Ah! but,' says Rab, 'that's where Paul and me differs.'"

"Mind your game," Kate said to her father, who was laughing as if his comments were the most relevant in the world. "We all ken your stories."

Beatrix said quietly to William:—

"His—eh— anecdote is fresh proof of what I said."

"I can come back to what I meant to begin with, though," Wull replied, also in lowered tones. "It was no trouble if it gave me your friendship."

The *perfidium ingentium Scotorum* she had twitted this young man upon was coming out in new instances, and she opened her eyes a little at it. But she answered him:—

"You may be certain of that. We speak like old friends already."

"They twa's very cosh," said the bailie, looking up from his board. And Kate thought so also. Beatrix gave Wull a smile, and made him happy with a look which said, "Once more, what he says confirms what I was telling you."

The weeks that followed were lover's weeks for Wull. The youngsters in the coffee-room made eyes to one another at his restless coming and going. The old men looked over their newspapers and smiled to themselves, like

sly old dogs licking their toothless chumps over a puppy's inevitable distemper. The doings of Mister Will'um and the English ledly were chronicled in every close from the harbor to the West Port. As we know, they even reached his kinsfolks' ears at Eden Braes by way of Rab Hetherwick and his daughter Thrift. At certain teadrinkings among the fashion, at which the Malcolms and their cousin were not present, or when they had left, much was said by the matrons about what was due to one's own sea-maws. And one lively girl once whispered to her neighbor that, to her mind, more was due to the daughters than to the maws, and the remark was passed round among the young ladies for the reason I mention it, as a specimen of wit, and caused considerable laughter till the graver and more satisfying opinion took its place, that "it would be a disappointment to Kate Malcolm, at any rate."

A pretty woman lays her account with the depreciation of her own sex; but it was hard that Beatrix should have suffered at the hands of the Crocodile Club. Its members—honest men who, week in week out, drank themselves nightly at Adam Benda-low's out of one another's recognition, and rang the bell for one another's removal—felt it a grievance that on her account the bailie deserted them on one or two nights. They had found out somehow that her father, the Major Morley whose prowess was always on the truant's lips, was, after all, only a captain in a line regiment lying at Hythe, and they swore, over their tumblers, that they cared neither for her nor for any major, nor colonel even, that ever stepped, but could drink with the best of them. They were not professing beyond their reputation, for to "work the crocodile" was a potent phrase in the town.¹ "We've a' got

¹ The toddy-ladle which gave name to this club has survived all its patrons, and even its usefulness. It is of oak, with a handle carved in the figure of a crocodile. Although the brewer of the toddy might fall beneath the board in the course of his labors, it was not necessary for the club to disperse, so long as another was found able—no

women folks of our ain," they said to one another, showing that they regarded their neighbor's backsliding as a source of danger to themselves. It was perhaps to fortify them against it at this time that a wag of their number drew the famous caricature of the bailie being led out of temptation, in which was shown forth in Trickle Morton, the town's officer, the virtuous conviviality of these jolly dogs, while a more fashionable than modest representation of Beatrix Morley stood for the wiles of the hearth which beset them.

Wull Oliphant's thoughts were far above such tittle-tattle of back shops and front drawing-rooms, and he had eyes for none but Beatrix. If he was away from the bailie's for an evening (and that did not happen often), he could not rest in his own house, but wandered into the garden, and, leaning on the west wall, gazed at the chimneys and sighed for his divinity, who somewhere under them was dreaming of him, he loved to think. To his credit be it said, I never heard that he lapsed into poetry in these nocturnal reveries. Could he have seen a little farther under the roofs, and Beatrix's smiles, he would have learned that, as she sat toasting her shapely feet, she thought of him, with a kind of negative pleasure, as the only redeeming feature in this world of *ennui* into which she had landed.

His *amour propre*, which everything and everybody conspired to flatter, would have been sorely wounded had he come to know this, and that she was becoming infinitely bored with her one beau's earnest manner. She had never got rid of the retriever idea, and she was sick of his seriousness, and the gossip and the vulgarity of her acquaintances. She saw well enough that these matrons, with their hints and nods, expected her to become one of themselves, with this very sober-sided ship-owner for a husband. She being given rather to "high-sniffingness," the idea was not very flattering one's willingness being doubted — to "work the crocodile."

to this daughter of the Hythe captain; and she relieved her mind in some satirical letters, with here and there allusions to Wull, meant especially for the eyes of a certain city magnate, of not more than middle age, said to be anxious to negotiate a bond of matrimony with a daughter of a captain of the line.

Yet her cousins thought to please her by throwing her and Wull together. They accepted an invitation, for example, to go east and see over his ships, and dine afterwards at his house, where their father would join them.

Beatrix was in a most irritable frame of mind when they were putting on their bonnets to go to the harbor.

"This perfect paragon — this Apollo!" she cried. "You make far too much of him. Is it his good looks or his sweet disposition turns all your heads? I've heard that his brother is a handsomer man."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Kate. "Dug Oliphant wasn't a good man."

"No? He's married, you see," Beatrix replied mockingly. "Oh! Mr. Wull's good" (there was something about this title of "Mr. Wull" that satisfied her ideas of his awkwardness and self-importance), "dreadfully good and *gauche* — gawky, you say; don't you? But young men, you know, when they're bad are very, very bad, and when they're good, just horrid."

"And that leaves us little choice," Mary said, with the calm smile of one who knew a young man of the town who was just a nice medium, and was to make her an excellent husband, by the way.

"Now, Kate," Beatrix went on, still before the mirror, "isn't William just the least little bit of a prig?"

"No — you don't think so. What is a prig?"

"Sweet innocent! Why, Kate, a prig's a person better than yourself — that is, not really better, but who thinks he is, or — or makes you think you are worse. I declare it's as difficult to define as to tie these lappets."

"Perhaps, then," said Mary, "we are all prigs — to one another."

"There! that will do nicely. Thank you, Kate," Beatrix said, with her chin in the air, and patting the bow Kate had tied beneath it. "Thank you, Kate. You're not one. Even if you could be," she added laughingly; "prigs are all men, my dear."

"But all men are not prigs?"

"Bother it!" Beatrix said under her breath. She had said plainly enough what she thought of Wull, and why could they not be content with that?

"No, Kate. I should say not," she said, affecting a wiseacre air. "The man one is going to marry, for example, is not one. And, to please you, I will admit that our friend is only almost one."

"To please me!" said Kate, red-denying. "Almost?"

"Almost."

"But I thought — we all thought —"

"I know what you all thought," she said, drawing the girl to her; "and you are all little gooseys."

"But you can see — Wull thinks."

"I give you up," said Beatrix. "Fighting on the men's side against the sex! It's treason. Wull is only one side of the question. The lady has her right."

"To laugh at a man behind his back and make love to his face," said Kate, with flashing eyes.

"Now you are a goose, cousin mine. Who would think of laughing to Wull's solemn frills? One might as well kiss her hand to the pope. And to make love behind his back — where would the fun be, dear?"

"You're a naughty girl, Beatrix," Kate said.

"I can't help being agreeable," Beatrix replied lightly.

"You can be agreeable, like —"

"You," — Beatrix finished the sentence for her.

"No! I didn't mean me. I meant us," Kate cried, leaving the room in a heat.

"Really," Beatrix said to Mary, "your sister has a most exaggerated opinion of that young man."

The young man had certainly an exaggerated opinion of Beatrix, and it was to receive something of a shock that day. Mary and Kate led the way up the pier, Wull as usual having taken his place at Beatrix's side. There was a change in her manner which he could not understand. "The 'us' can make themselves agreeable," she was saying to herself, trying to feel ill-used.

The knots of sailors fell back respectfully as they passed; but a poor woman in rags, and an old Tuscan straw bedecked with ribbons, held her ground.

"Look at the bonny couple!" she cried, pointing a half-witted finger at them, and laughing back to the sailors.

Wull put a copper into her hand, and Beatrix in her ill-temper asked him the price of the compliment.

"I'm not at liberty to pay for the couple yet," he said, mistaking her mood, in his determination that she should not misunderstand him.

Beatrix quickened her pace in chagrin.

"No," she said in answer; "we'll take it you paid for your own share of it."

Wull made but a dull host that evening. The idea of entertaining Beatrix in his own house had added a kind of comfortable assurance to the hopes which her previous kindness had inspired. On that account, her coldness in the afternoon had depressed him the more, and it took the bailie all his time, born entertainer as he was, to keep the conversation from flagging.

In the course of it some allusion was made to the poor woman at the harbor.

"Oh, that was the woman that hailed —" Kate stopped short, remembering what she had hailed them with. It flashed through Beatrix's mind that Kate's ears had been very open to what was going on.

"Was it Caledony — full sail?" the bailie asked.

"Cale — what?" said Beatrix.

"Caledony. The nat'ral's sweetheart was a sailor," the bailie began to explain.

Mary interrupted him.

"It's rather a sad story, Beatrix," she said. "Her sweetheart sailed in the ship Caledonia, and was lost. She went out of her mind with grief, and now she wanders round the harbor singing about the return of her lover and his ship."

"And she's called Caledony — full sail," the bailie said over his toddy, though Mary had told her story very pathetically. "But that's not the best of it."

"Never mind, father," again interrupted Mary, knowing that the best of it was not likely to be very reputable.

Kate's eyes met Beatrix's.

"And all the gentlemen give 'her coppers," she said savagely. "It's time we were getting on our things."

Wull had been silent during this conversation. When the ladies left the room, the bailie, whose tongue was now loosened by toddy to express what his eyes had noticed, clapped his hand on Wull's shoulder.

"Quite right, Wull, my man. That's the way to bring the jade to her senses. Mind what Rab Fergusson says : —

When your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb," he said, with an oracular wink.

The words may have comforted the love-sick youth when his guests took their departure.

Andrew Anderson, with his flambeau, was lighting the street lamps when the bailie, with Beatrix on his arm, the two girls following, emerged from the porch.

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
G'e her a kiss and let her gae.

A tipsy sailor was filling the air with his song. Then, with the conservatism of the East End, he ceased his drunken ditty, and followed in the wake of the official, deriding his new-fangled employment, and shouting "Leary-licht-the-lamps !" after him.

The night air had not had time yet to

take effect upon the seasoned crocodile, and he steadied himself with wonderful dignity on Beatrix's arm.

"Go 'way home, Thomas Rodger," he said to the reveller. Beatrix could have cried with vexation had the pompous magistrate been less comical.

"He's as drunk 's mysel'," muttered Mr. Rodger, with a passing reflection, perhaps, on man's inhumanity to man, and then betook himself eastwards, waking the echoes afresh with

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie.

A few steps brought the bailie to his house, and as he stood fumbling for his latch-key the figure of a gaunt, grey woman flitted past.

"What's Preaching Mary doin' out the nicht ?" he said.

The woman heard him, and turned back.

"This is a bad business, bailie," she said, twisting her grey locks under her snood.

"What's this now, Mary ?"

"James's wife. She's deid."

"Dead ! Ay ! Dear me. When was this ? What did she die o' ?"

"No' an hour syne. Drank herself to death !"

"Deplorable !" said the bailie, shaking his head.

"She's in hell now," the woman went on.

"Tut, tut, my woman. Neither you nor me kens —"

"But it's in the Bible. I believe the Word."

"Hush ! Mary, Mary."

"She's in hell. And serve her richt, too ;" and the woman went on her way.

Beatrix shuddered.

"Deshent woman, Mary, for an Anibaptisht," muttered the bailie, busy with his latch-key again. "Ver' strange noshions ! The puir body no' an hour dead, and she wud ha'e 'er in hell already."

"Quick, father, and let us in," said the impatient Kate. "It's cold standing here."

"Patiensch, dear, patiensch. Stead-y ! I'm waitin' till keyhole comsh round."

And this, thought Beatrix, was what the matrons had in store for her, and less than ever she envied the ladies of the town their lives and their lords.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
VINCENT VOITURE.

WE live too quickly in the nineteenth century to have time to read or appreciate anything that is not of the shortest. It is the age of hand-books where our fathers would have had elaborate treatises, of the short story, the short opera, and of short cuts in general to knowledge or amusement. The three-volume novel sounds as if it might be an exception; but then most novels of this class, deprived of their padding and large type, would pack comfortably into one volume; and, to put a literary problem, how many three-volume novels would it take to make a "Tom Jones" or a "Pamela"? The combatants in a modern battle of the books would consist almost entirely of light horse, for that mysterious person, the "general reader," scorns anything but the lightest of light literature. No apology, then, should be needed for recommending to an age that delights in trifles the works of one of the greatest triflers that ever politely smothered a yawn, the great French wit and letter-writer of the seventeenth century, Vincent Voiture. Any one who can appreciate a jest, admire a skilfully turned compliment, laugh at a practical joke, or be amused by mere trifling for trifling's sake, will find all these in the letters and poems of this ingenious gentleman, who for nearly thirty years was the life and soul of the first and greatest of French *salons*, the Hôtel Rambouillet. Voiture may be taken as an excellent instance of the trifler by profession, who lives but to please himself first, and then his fellows, with as much regard for posterity as for the victims of his practical jokes. Save for a few occasional poems and one single letter, nothing of his was printed during his lifetime. Indeed, had it not been for the care of a

nephew, Martin Pinchène, who, after his uncle's death, collected for publication his letters and poems, which were scattered about in the possession of most of the wits of the day, Voiture would be a name and nothing more, and the world would have lost a correspondence, extending over some thirty years, which is invaluable to the student of French literature and Parisian, that is to say French, society during the first half of the seventeenth century.

The future hero of the Hôtel Rambouillet was born at Amiens in 1598, and was introduced early in life to fashionable society, his father being a jovial, wine-selling, card-playing bourgeois (he has given his name to a particular hand at piquet long known as *le carré de Voiture*), who followed the court in its peregrinations, his company being tolerated by the younger courtiers in return for the money he lent them. On his father's opening a wine-shop in Paris, Vincent was sent to the colleges of Calvi and Boncour, at the latter of which he numbered amongst his schoolfellows Claude Count d'Avaux, who in later years stood godfather to him on his introduction to polite society. He commenced poet (to use an old-fashioned but serviceable phrase) early in life, his first composition, some lines "*Sur le retour d'Astrée*," being written at the age of fourteen; these he followed up two years later with some complimentary verses addressed to Monsieur, that is to say, the king's brother, Gaston, Duke of Orleans. We next find him at the University of Orleans, where he did not trouble himself with the study of law, but, a far more important matter, fought his first duel with "a certain cunning Norman who cut his fingers for him." In 1625 he entered the service of the Duke of Orleans as gentleman-usher, a post from which he was soon promoted to the more important duty of introducing the ambassadors from other courts to the duke, for Gaston was perpetually intriguing. Voiture owed this appointment not so much to his eulogistic verses, as to the

influence of his old schoolfellow, the Count d'Avaux, who moreover did him a still greater kindness by introducing him to a certain Madame Saintot, one of the wits and toasts of the period, and greatest admirer Voiture found throughout his career.

It was this lady who inspired the first of his compositions to attract any notice, some stanzas (which a learned commentator has justly apologized for as being "somewhat free") celebrating a carriage-accident which happened to the poet and the lady in question; and a letter which he sent her with a copy of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." It was the latter of these, the only letter Voiture ever printed, which founded his reputation. A thousand copies were struck off in one night and were soon in the hands of all Paris.

But he had yet to be introduced to the inner circle of polite society, the Hôtel Rambouillet. It was here that Catherine de Vivonne-Pisani, who became the wife of Charles d'Angennes, Marquis de Rambouillet, disgusted with the licentiousness that prevailed at the Louvre, founded in 1608 the great salon which did more even than Richelieu's Academy to form the French language. Malherbe, "the father of French poetry," according to the purists; Balzac, who may with equal justice be termed the father of French prose, though some would claim this title for Voiture; Corneille; Chapelain, author of "La Pucelle;" Godeau, Bishop of Grasse, like Voiture more witty than tall, and known as "Princess Julie's dwarf;" Mademoiselle de Bourbon, afterwards Duchesse de Longueville, with whom Monsieur Victor Cousin fell desperately in love nearly two centuries after her death; Madeleine de Scudéri, who wrote "Le Grand Cyrus," and drew up the famous "Carte de Tendre;" Julie d'Angennes, daughter of the hostess, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*; Angélique Paulet known from her tawny hair as "the Lioness," to say nothing of a host of lesser stars, — in short every one who had a name ready-made or had made themselves a name, assembled daily in

the famous blue chamber, to be admitted to which was to be acknowledged a wit. In this galaxy of talent the wine-merchant's son was destined to shine supreme, even eclipsing the mighty Chapelain, whose masterpiece took thirty years a-making, and who deserves to be remembered if only for his inimitable self-conceit. It was Chapelain who, being asked by those in authority to draw up a list of people whose literary works might be considered to have entitled them to pensions, headed it in all seriousness with a round sum "to Monsieur Chapelain, the greatest and most sound-minded French poet that has ever been."

At the Hôtel Rambouillet the French language was perpetually being tried, criticised, and improved, and all kinds of literary frivolities were elaborated. To quote a few instances: we have a serious discussion as to whether the word *car* should be allowed to exist or be banished from the language, a subject on which Voiture wrote one of the best-known of his letters; we find Balzac and Voiture solemnly threshing out the important question whether *muscardins* or *muscadins* is the correct expression; and then there is a grave debate held on the thesis propounded by the oracle of the assembly, Mademoiselle de Scudéri, "Which is the unhappier, a jealous lover, a despised lover, a lover separated from his mistress, or a lover who has lost the object of his passion?"

Voiture owed his introduction to this select circle to a Monsieur de Chaudebonne, who, meeting him one day and being charmed with his conversation, addressed him thus: "Sir, you are too gallant a man to remain among the bourgeois; I must rescue you from them." It may here be noted that throughout his life Voiture, in spite of the noble *de* which he prefixed to his surname, had to put up with allusions to his parentage. Indeed, he felt his father's connection with trade so deeply that he abhorred the sight and taste of wine, a peculiarity which gave rise to a somewhat severe epigram on him as the unworthy son of a father who was

always equally ready to sell wine, or, in default of that, to drink it; an attack which he answered in a charming sonnet giving his reasons for being a water-drinker. On another occasion, having pronounced a witticism that was thought unworthy of him, he was brusquely addressed by a lady whom he had been unfortunate enough to offend: "That's very bad, try another tap (*Percez nous en d'un autre*)."

However, in the present instance, Voiture swallowed the somewhat offensive tone of Monsieur de Chaudebonne's compliment, and was duly presented to the "incomparable Arthenice," the latter name being an anagram constructed by Malherbe out of the Christian name, Catherine, of Madame de Rambouillet. Voiture did not forget to whom he owed his introduction, as we see from a curious expression in one of his letters: "Since Monsieur de Chaudebonne, aided by Madame de Rambouillet, made a new man of me (*m'a réengendré*) I have changed completely in mind." It was not long before he became the centre of attraction, a kind of master of the ceremonies to the blue chamber. Living but a few streets off and passing every evening from eight to ten at the hotel, the neat, dapper little man, with his feminine features and ironical smile ("So that you would have thought that he was laughing at the people with whom he talked,") was the life and soul of the assembly and, a privileged jester, could do almost anything he liked. On one occasion he introduced two performing bears, which he borrowed from a man in the street, into Madame de Rambouillet's bedroom, and left them there, with the result that the poor lady was nearly frightened to death, although, as the chronicler of the day, Tallemant des Réaux, naively remarks, "It was likely to cure her of the fever if she happened to be suffering from it." But Madame de Rambouillet had her revenge. Voiture had written a sonnet of which he was particularly proud; his hostess, unknown to him, had it printed and carefully bound up in an old collection of poems which was left open on the

table to catch Voiture's eye, with the result that the bewildered poet, having read it, was forced to come to the conclusion that he had been guilty of a scandalous, though unconscious, plagiarism. To quote one more instance of these frivolities: Julie d'Angennes having expressed her admiration of Gustavus Adolphus, Voiture sent three of his friends, dressed up as Swedes, to present her with a portrait of the king in question, together with a letter of grandiloquent compliments, signed "Your very devoted servant Gustavus Adolphus."

But this position of jester-in-chief, for which he was so eminently suited, was soon to be laid aside. Gaston, having quarrelled with Richelieu, betook himself in 1629 to Lorraine, and Voiture, as in duty bound, followed his patron. His fame preceded him, and he was received with enthusiasm by the court of Lorraine. But Voiture was bored, as indeed he always was when away from his beloved Paris, and took no pains to conceal the fact. To the circle collected at the Hôtel Rambouillet his absence was compensated for by his letters. It is from this date that they begin, a long series of the most courtly compliments imaginable when written to women, and of the most delicate and palatable flattery when written to men, interspersed with extremely vivid pictures, or rather miniatures, of the country through which he passed, and sparkling with puns and sly allusions, so that altogether a letter from Voiture was a rare treasure, and was graciously passed round by its fortunate possessor. It has been very truly remarked that the letters of Voiture and Balzac were to Parisian society of this period very much what newspapers are to us; Balzac's letters corresponding to the staid and (it must be admitted) somewhat dull leading articles, while Voiture is rather "Our Own Correspondent," a chartered libertine who may spread *canards*, crack jokes, and play the fool at his own free will.

His first sentence of banishment was not of long duration. During a tempo-

rary reconciliation between the Duke of Orleans and Richelieu in 1630, Voiture returned to Paris, only to find the city devastated by the plague, the society at the Hôtel Rambouillet broken up, and, his patron getting into trouble again within a few months, to be, with the rest of the duke's followers, declared guilty of high treason. There was nothing to be done except to join Gaston's army in the provinces. This kind of existence "the pitiable Voiture," as he styles himself, did not find at all to his taste. "I have marched," he writes, with pardonable exaggeration, "for a fortnight from morning to evening without a halt. I have come across places in which the oldest inhabitants do not remember to have ever seen a bed. . . . But I may say that there is no bolder soldier in the army than myself. I have, however, as yet, carried off neither wife nor maid, and have done no more than set fire to two or three houses."

In spite of this extraordinary instance of courage, Voiture felt like a fish out of water, and gladly accepted in 1631 the post of ambassador to the Duke of Orleans at Madrid.

He seems, at the court of Spain, to have occupied himself less in promoting his patron's interests than in devoting himself to society and the study of Spanish literature, in the latter of which occupations he won some considerable success, some verses of his written in Spanish being attributed to Lope de Vega. His chief correspondent at this time was Mademoiselle Paulet, who kept him posted up in the latest news and scandal of Paris. The charm of Madrid soon wore off, and his letters, written during his two years' sojourn in that capital, are full of allusions to his longing for Paris. For instance, we find him writing: "Many thanks for the Psalm. But why do you send me in my present plight such melancholy things? What better paraphrase could there be of the 'Miserere' than myself?" In due time his successor was appointed, and Voiture was free to return to his friends, which he proceeded to do in a

very characteristic manner by way of Andalusia and Africa, after taking farewell of "Donna Antonia, Donna Inez, Donna Isabelina, Donna Guzman," and many others in whose honor he had written complimentary verses, and with whom he had conjugated (on paper) the verb "to love." But Voiture had the knack of pleasing men as well as women, as may be seen from the farewell words of the Count de Olivares, requesting that Voiture would write to him, "For even if it be not of business matters, your letters are sure to be amusing."

Starting from Madrid he strolled aimlessly rather than travelled through Andalusia, going out of his path, he writes, "To visit the spot where Cardenio and Don Quixote met, and to dine in the inn where Dorothea's adventures came to an end." Having arrived at Gibraltar, he crossed over to Ceuta, his chief object being, so one suspects, to have an opportunity of writing a letter to *La Lionne* on her African "relations" as he terms them. His words are:—

Yesterday I cut your initials on a rock which nearly reaches the stars, and from which seven kingdoms can be seen, and tomorrow I am going to send a challenge to the Moors of Morocco, offering to maintain that Africa has never produced anything more rare or cruel than you. And then, Mademoiselle, I shall have nothing further to do except to visit your relations, as I wish to talk with them about this contemplated marriage which made such a stir some time back. I wish to get their consent, so that there may be no further obstacle. From what I'm told they are by no means an affable set of people. . . . They are selling some in this place that are extremely pretty. I have decided to send you half-a-dozen instead of the Spanish gloves I promised you, for I know that you will value them more, and besides, they are cheaper.

This latter promise he actually fulfilled by sending the Lioness some small clay lions, accompanied by a mock-heroic letter signed "Leonard, Governor of the Lions of the King of Morocco."

Making his way to Lisbon, he was

compelled to wait some time for a ship, and finally embarked in an English vessel, the captain of which had assured him that rather than be captured by the pirates who infested the coast, he would blow up his ship. "What a splendid expedient!" he writes plaintively. "I might as well embark with an Anabaptist." In spite of this threat Voiture chose this particular ship, because, as the cargo consisted of nothing but sugar, "If no accident happens I shall arrive preserved in sugar," an allusion to a remark of Mademoiselle de Bourbon's that Voiture, who was extremely fond of sweet things, ought to be "candied." "And," he goes on, "if I happen to be wrecked, it will at least be some consolation to be drowned in water that is not salt (*eau douce*)."

However, in spite of possible shipwreck and probable pirates, he arrived safely in London, November 1st, 1633, where, as we learn later from a letter to a certain "Monsieur Gourdon," (Gordon), captain of a company of the Scottish Guard then in the service of the king of France, he was shown the Tower, with more lions, the only thing that seems to have made any impression on him. This same letter contains a eulogy in his most complimentary style of the Countess of Carlisle, of whom he declares, "Nothing can be said of her except that she is the best of all bad things and the pleasantest poison that nature ever made;" a remark that is a good instance of the *gindé* or strained style into which a wholesale dealer in extravagant compliments is bound to occasionally lapse, and which is so mercilessly parodied by Molière in "*Les Femmes Savantes*" and "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*."

Sailing from Dover he arrived in Paris in 1634, and, his patron being once more reconciled with Richelieu, Voiture was at liberty to take up his old position at the Hôtel Rambouillet. He was welcomed with enthusiasm. Godeau, who had to some extent taken his place as leading comedian, in spite of his bishopric, was deposed, and the returned exile resumed the place of

honor in the society there assembled, but not, it is sad to relate, in the affections of the Lioness, who showed her claws, and broke with Voiture on account of his somewhat absurd jealousy of his rival. The quarrel was never followed by a complete reconciliation. Save for this, and the prospect of his patron being once more in trouble, fortune smiled on Voiture. He was elected, at the same time as Vaugelas and Balzac, a member of the recently established Academy, but only once attended a meeting, and then characteristically to win a bet. He followed up this success by writing what is in point of style one of the best of his letters, upon the taking of Corbie (an important frontier town just recaptured from the Spanish by the French), a letter to an imaginary correspondent, ostensibly on the political situation, but in reality nothing more nor less than an elaborate eulogy of Richelieu, whom Voiture, tired of his series of banishments from Paris, had determined to conciliate. It hit the mark, and from this time forth Voiture was under the patronage of the great cardinal, whose pleasure it was to be considered the Mæcenas of the day. It must be said that there was nothing servile in his relations to his new master; and it may be set down to his credit that, while most of the writers of the period were actually in the pay of some great man or other, Voiture remained independent.

He consoled himself for the unkindness of Augélique Paulet with Madame de Sablé, one of the wittiest and most beautiful guests of Madame de Rambouillet, with whom he carried on a mild flirtation. Indeed, all Voiture's numerous love passages with various *précieuses* were never anything serious. By most of them he was allowed to do pretty well as he liked, so long as he was amusing; but the slightest step beyond the every-day, high-flown compliment, which said so much and meant so little, was not permitted. On one occasion when he ventured to kiss Julie d'Angenne's hand with rather more warmth than courtesy, he re-

ceived a snubbing which he seems to have taken to heart. It was part of the creed of the *précieuses* (as they delighted to call themselves, for the word had not yet been ridiculed by Molière) that love should be expressed in words only; witness the pitiable case of Monsieur de Montausier, the affianced lover of Julie d'Angennes, who, another Jacob, waited till the lady was over thirty before he was allowed to think of marrying her, passing the interval in collecting the poems contributed to the famous "Guirlande de Julie," an anthology for which the wit of every poet of the day was laid under contribution.

Voiture's chief friends at this time were the Marquis de Pisani (son of Madame de Rambouillet), with whom he collaborated in many a practical joke, and Pierre Costar, like himself the son of a tradesman, whose wits had won him a place in polite society. With the latter of these Voiture carried on a correspondence on literary matters in general, and nice points as to the use of certain French words and expressions in particular, though even in these more serious letters, he cannot let slip an opportunity for a joke, deriving *cordonnier*, for instance, from the fact that "they are the people who give us corns (*cors*)."

The letter on the capture of Corbie was the making of Voiture. Thanks to Richelieu's influence, he was sent by the king in 1638 to formally announce to the grand duke of Tuscany the birth of an heir to the French crown. The roads in Italy being infested with brigands, Voiture, on a principle something like that of "set a thief to catch a thief," hit on the extremely statesmanlike idea of getting an escort of brigands to guard him, and writes a comical account of his journey.

I wish, mademoiselle, you could have seen in a mirror the position in which I was placed. You would then have seen me in the heart of the most terrible mountains in the world, surrounded by about fifteen of the most atrocious villains imaginable. The most innocent of them has at least twenty murders on his conscience. All are as black as the devil, and their hair

is so long that it covers half their bodies. Each has two or three scars on his face, a huge musket on his shoulder, and two pistols and a brace of daggers in his belt.

From Genoa we have another amusing letter to Madame de Rambouillet who, as an amateur architect of some skill, had asked for a description of the Valentino, a country mansion near Turin belonging to the Duchess of Savoy.

The Valentino, madame, since there is a Valentino, is a house situated a quarter of a league from Turin in a meadow on the banks of the Po. On arriving, the first thing you see is,—may I die if I know what is the first thing you see. I rather think it's a flight of steps,—no, it's a colonnade. I'm wrong, it *is* a flight of steps. On my word I don't know if it's a colonnade or a flight of steps. An hour ago I knew perfectly well which it was, and now my memory has failed me. When I return I will find out for certain, and won't fail to give you an exacter account.

Returning to France by way of Rome, where a case was being tried in which Madame de Rambouillet was interested, he followed the court to Grenoble and thence to his birthplace, Amiens. A courtier's life, however, wearied him, as we see from the following letter to Julie d'Angennes, into whose sympathetic ear most of his troubles were poured at this period.

It sometimes happens that I have to bore myself to death waiting three consecutive hours in the king's room, where I find very little pleasure in the conversation of Messieurs Libero, Compiègne, and twenty others whose names I have forgotten, who assure me that I am very witty and that they have seen my works. To-day I watched his Majesty playing at *hoc* the whole of the afternoon, and don't feel any more cheerful for it. Although I go regularly three days a week fox-hunting, I don't particularly care for it, although there are always a hundred dogs and a hundred horns, which make a horrible noise and half deafen you. In short, mademoiselle, the pleasures of the greatest prince in the world are no pleasure to me.

In spite of his dislike of a courtier's life, we find Voiture following the court to Lyons, Avignon, Narbonne,

and Nîmes, from which place he wrote to Chapelain a letter which has justly been held up as an instance of the lowest depths of bad taste :—

When I reflect that it is to the most intelligent man of the century, to the man who effected the metamorphosis of the Lioness,¹ to the father of *La Pucelle*, that I am writing, each individual hair on my head stands so erect that you would take me for a hedgehog. But, on the other hand, when I remember that I am addressing the most indulgent of all critics, the excuser of all faults, a dove, a lamb, a sheep, my hair suddenly falls as flat as the feathers of a fowl that has got drenched, and I am not the least bit afraid of you.

Although the "greatest French poet that ever was" may have thoroughly appreciated this instance of the art of sinking, the disinterested reader is tempted to exclaim with honest Gorgibus, "What the devil of a jargon have we here? This is the high style with a vengeance." After the death of Richelieu and of Louis the Thirteenth, Voiture enjoyed the patronage of his old friend Claude d'Avaux and of Cardinal Mazarin. Besides a post in the king's household which he had obtained in 1639, he was made interpreter to the queen. In the latter capacity he on one occasion embellished the conversation of some foreign envoy with remarks of his own, and, on being remonstrated with, made the very characteristic excuse, "If he doesn't say so, he ought to."

In 1642 Claude d'Avaux, who had become minister of finance, or controller-general as it was then called, made Voiture his head clerk, a post which had no duties attached to it save that of drawing a large salary. But though his income at this period was larger than that of any literary man of his day, he saved little, for Voiture had inherited a love of gambling from his father. It was a kind of indoor exercise to him, as we learn from Talle-

mant, who remarks, "He indulged with such ardor in this ruling passion that it was necessary for him to don fresh linen at the end of each game." Besides his taste for cards, Voiture was extremely generous. Balzac having occasion to borrow a sum from him, he promptly sent it, accompanied by a scrap of paper, "I, the undersigned, bear witness that I owe Monsieur Balzac the sum of eight hundred crowns, in return for the pleasure he has given me by borrowing four hundred from me." Who could not but admire a friend who did a favor with such a grace!

From 1642 onwards Voiture scarcely left Paris, save for one journey to Péronne, whither he accompanied the queen of Poland as *maitre d'hôtel*,—a journey memorable from the fact that he was followed by the ever-faithful Madame Saintot, whom the fickle Voiture steadfastly refused to see.

In 1646 another honor was thrust upon him. We find him writing to Costar: "There is at Rome an Academy of certain people who call themselves Humorists, which is as though one should say Originals (*bizarres*), and they have shown their originality by taking it into their heads to elect me a member of their body." He owed this honor to some Italian verses written in the style of Guarini, for Voiture wrote Spanish and Italian with equal ease.

For the last few years of his life, suffering from constant ill-health, he was more "pitiable" than ever, but still possessed enough of his old spirit to fight his last duel by moonlight,² in the gardens of the Hôtel Rambouillet, with a certain Chavaroché, the *teterima causa* being, as usual with Voiture, a lady, no other than a younger sister of his fair correspondent, Julie d'Angennes. This was but a few months before his death in May, 1648. He died, if we are to believe the somewhat spiteful remark of his old flame the Lioness, "Like the Grand Turk, in the arms of his sultanas." It has been

¹ An allusion to Chapelain's "Metamorphose d'Angelique en Lionne," which he sent to Angélique Poulet. Voiture aptly terms him "the excuser of all faults," for, so Tallemant says, Chapelain's invariable answer when asked his opinion was, "That is not to be despised."

² He had, when a younger man, fought another duel by torchlight.

wittily said that one of the cleverest things Voiture ever did was to die just before the Fronde.

The Academy, in spite of Voiture's one solitary visit to their meetings, went into mourning for him, and the Hôtel Rambouillet was inconsolable. Sarrasin wrote a *pompe funèbre*, and two great literary quarrels as to his merits were fought out over his grave. The first was the famous dispute between the Uranistes and Jobelins, partisans respectively of Voiture's sonnet on Uranie and Benserade's on Job. All Paris was divided on this burning question, which gave rise to a whole literature of other sonnets and epigrams. The chief actor in the second quarrel, in which Balzac does not appear altogether to advantage, was the faithful Costar, who defended his friend's works from the aspersions of a certain Monsieur Paul Thomas, Sieur de Girac. Both disputes are too long and involved for it to be possible to do more than allude to them here.

His works were collected and published by his nephew, Martin Pinchène, in 1650. Voiture, who wrote only for the occasion, putting everything *en viager*, out at a life-interest, to use the extremely happy phrase borrowed by Sainte Beuve from "La Biographie Universelle," had foreseen this. A few months before his death he had remarked, "You will see that some day there will be people silly enough to hunt out here and there what I have written, and then to get it printed." But he was mistaken in this self-depreciation; for a hundred years, from 1650 to 1750, edition after edition of his works was published. He was translated into Italian and, what is more interesting to us, into English. In 1657 was published "Letters of Affairs, Love, and Courtship, Englished by J. D." (a certain J. Davies); in 1700, "Familiar and Courtly Letters of Monsieur Voiture," translated by, among others, Dryden, who seems, however, to be responsible for only one letter, and John Dennis; while in 1735 there is an edition of "The Works of Monsieur Voiture, translated by the most

eminent hands," and prefaced with an address to Miss Martha Blount by a very eminent hand indeed, no less a one than Alexander Pope, who pays our author a very pretty compliment.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the Trifle, Life, away.

The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death

But that forever in his Lines they breathe.

Pope, indeed, admired Voiture to such an extent that in his letters to his lady correspondents he took him for his model, "aped him," as Hallam rather unkindly puts it. It is no fault of Voiture's that these are the most affected and least interesting letters of the correspondence dated from Twickenham. It wanted a writer of the then out-dated "metaphysical school" to appreciate and render the extravagant conceits and word-play of Voiture. Cowley, had his prose been of the same stamp as his verse, could have done it admirably.

Perhaps the most eloquent eulogy passed on Voiture up to 1750 is that of a greater letter-writer, Madame de Sévigné, who, defending him from a charge of obscurity, ended her argument "so much the worse for those who do not understand him." But from 1750 onwards, Voiture was in disgrace, chiefly owing to the criticisms of Voltaire, who never lost an opportunity of saying something spiteful of a writer of whom, if the truth be told, he was jealous, and from whose poetry he was not too proud to borrow. The most striking instance of this jealousy is his reply to a friend who had been rash enough to praise Voiture's simplicity. "You are praising," he writes, "the simplicity of the most forced and affected of styles. Leave such twaddle alone; it is no more natural than is the wax and the rouge on a doll's face."

This was a hard saying from a hard critic, but it had its effect, and Voiture has been relegated to the top shelf. The truth is he was essentially the man of his time, and his time has passed

away. The Loves and Graces are out of fashion, the age of gallantry is gone.

In the "*Bibliotheca Britannica*," where the reputation of many a writer rests on a single word, *Voiture* is briefly described as a "pleasing French writer," a description that will be corroborated by all who are acquainted with either his letters or his *vers de société*, the latter of which are of the very lightest of light literature. But he was more than this. In considering his influence in forming the French language, it must be remembered that his letters were written before the appearance of Pascal's "*Lettres Provinciales*," when there was no French prose to speak of. The prose of Montaigne or Amyot was an instrument that was of little use in weaker hands. *Voiture* gave to French prose the flexibility and grace which it was utterly out of the power of Balzac to give. Where Balzac serves up somewhat solid fare, *Voiture* gives us whipped cream. Balzac's style is consequently staid and somewhat strained, *Voiture's* is of the airiest. Though, curiously enough, more addicted to archaisms than Balzac (we find him in a letter to Costar preferring the old form *courre* to *courir*), and with an equal propensity to occasionally lapse into bombast, he is far the pleasanter to read. He may be said to have done for French prose what Dryden did for English, to have first made it a tool that anybody might use.

He is an adept in the art of skating without offence over thin ice. In some of his letters to the ladies of the blue chamber he seems to take a pleasure in showing his correspondents that a very little more and it would be their duty to blush, but it is only fair to say that he invariably pulls up in time. With his letters primarily intended for men only it is different; there the *esprit gaulois* is more evident. And above all he is original; he imitated no one and no one has yet succeeded in imitating him, save perhaps his bitterest critic Voltaire. His remark, in a letter to the Marquis de Pisani, "It has always seemed to me that, from what-

ever cause one may die, there is something vulgar in being dead (*il y a quelque chose de bas à être mort*)," may alone well have entitled him to a place in the Academy of Originals at Rome. Mademoiselle de Scudéri, in the sixth volume of that stupendous novel "*Le Grand Cyrus*," in which most of the members of the Hôtel Rambouillet are described under Greek and Roman names, has given a very fair appreciation of the merits of *Voiture*, or Callicrates as he is there called.

He wrote very pleasantly both in prose and verse, and in so polished and uncommon a style that one might almost say that he had invented it. At least I am sure that I have never seen any style which could have been his model, and I think I may say that no one who takes him as a model can hope to succeed in imitating him; for he could make a pleasant letter out of a mere trifle; and, if the Phrygian tale that everything that Midas touched turned to gold be true, it is still truer that everything that passed through the mind of Callicrates acquired the properties of the diamond, for he could produce something brilliant from the most barren and the most commonplace subjects.

Whether this be extravagant praise or not, all Frenchmen, who are nothing if not polite, should be eternally grateful to *Voiture*, for, as Tallemant puts it, "We are indebted to him for having shown us how to say things gracefully."

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

DURING the hundred years before the introduction of railways, commencing from the year 1720, when the Act for the Mersey and Irwell Navigation was passed, the country was gradually covered with a network of canals which stimulated the rising industries of the country, and which fostered the cotton manufactures of Manchester, the hardware of Birmingham, and the woollen trade of Yorkshire. In 1759 the Duke of Bridgewater made the first canal to Manchester. In 1773 the canal was

extended to Runcorn, which diminished the cost of the transport from Liverpool to Manchester by one-half. In 1825 several attempts were made to start a larger canal between Liverpool and Manchester, but for the next fifty years the canals were mostly absorbed by the growing railway power, which allowed them to fall into disuse, and prevented all competition with the railways in the carriage of heavy goods.

The small margin of profit in trade which in the last fifteen years has been earned, owing to the keen competition of foreign countries and the high price of railway transport, revived the idea of a ship canal which would make Manchester into a port like Glasgow, and avoid the heavy landing and carting charges of Liverpool.

The first movement of a public nature was owing to Mr. Adamson, a practical engineer, a native of Durham, and a man of immense energy. He summoned to a meeting at Didsbury, in June, 1882, the friends to the enterprise, and raised a guarantee fund to apply to Parliament for a bill. This was followed by a public meeting in Manchester in November, 1882, which appealed to all classes of the community in Manchester and South Lancashire. The proposal was received enthusiastically by the Lancashire working-men, who saw in the project a prospect of employment and the certainty of the expenditure of the capital in the district. It was strongly opposed by the London and North-Western Railway and the Liverpool Dock Board in the sessions of 1883, 1884, and 1885.

The original plan was to form a ship canal between Manchester and Runcorn, and from the latter place to dredge a channel down the tidal estuary of the Mersey.

This proposed work gave rise to strenuous opposition in Liverpool, on the ground that it would cause the same accumulation in the Mersey that had occurred in the Seine, Dee, and other rivers, where the training walls were carried up high above the sandbanks. The engineer of the Mersey

Dock Board suggested that the canal should be kept separate from the estuary. This advice was followed in the next session of Parliament, in 1885, by Mr. E. L. Williams, the engineer of the company, but it was opposed by the Dock Board.

After considerable changes in the plans had been made in Parliament, which involved in the future a large additional expenditure, a bill at length passed both Houses in 1885.

In 1886 the first appeal to the public for funds failed, for this reason: the promoters told the people of Manchester that the shares would be taken up in London, and the capitalists in London that it would be largely supported in Manchester.

Shortly after this the mayor of Manchester summoned an independent consultative committee, which, after taking evidence for some weeks, unanimously reported in favor of the scheme.

In February, 1887, only five months remained to get the 8,000,000*l.*, as in August the powers of the bill would lapse.

Capitalists in London were consulted, and they naturally asked, What was Lancashire going to subscribe? Eventually it was agreed that if Lancashire found half the sum the City financiers would find the other half. Parliamentary powers were obtained to divide the capital into half ordinary and half preference shares with debentures for two millions. The money for the purchase of the Bridgewater navigation, which cost 1,710,000*l.*, was obtained on the last available day.

The contractor took the contract on the schedules of quantities submitted to him. How those were exceeded will be explained later.

The first sod was turned on the 11th of November, 1887, at Eastham, but the works did not formally begin till January, 1888, when possession of the land was gradually obtained. Salford Docks were originally designed as the sole means of access to the Manchester Docks, but in 1888 a bill was obtained to enlarge the docks and obtain direct access to Pomona Docks, and to pur-

chase a long length of land under Trafford Park. By this change fourteen acres more dock space, sixty-nine acres more quay space, and one and one-eighth mile more quay frontage were secured.

In 1889 the company suffered a severe loss in the death of the contractor, Mr. Walker, whose great energy, experience, and foresight were a guarantee that the works were carried on as expeditiously as possible.

In November, 1890, the executors of Mr. Walker entered into an arrangement with the company to terminate the existing contracts after an amicable settlement of all their claims and liabilities to the company. At the same time the company suffered heavy losses by floods, the extent of which it was impossible to determine at the time. In addition to this, the increased cost of labor and materials, the larger outlay on land, and the requirements of the Mersey commissioners and of railway and other companies under the onerous clauses of the act of 1885, and the lock-up of the money expended on plant, made it necessary to raise further capital.

The appeal which was made to the Manchester Corporation to step in and lend money on the mortgage of the undertaking was promptly and unanimously responded to by the corporation and the ratepayers, and powers were obtained in 1891 to raise a further capital of three millions, which was then thought sufficient by the engineers to complete the canal, before the damage done by the floods and the severe frosts could possibly be ascertained.

In December, 1891, the conduct of the works to the opening of the canal was placed in the hands of an executive committee, controlled by a majority of the representative members of the corporation who were placed on the board under the act of 1891.

In July, 1892, a further estimate of the sums necessary for the completion was made, which resulted in a further appeal to the corporation, which was again loyally responded to. The act of

1893 gave powers to the corporation to lend an additional two millions on the condition that the number of directors should be increased to twenty-one, and that the corporation should be represented by eleven members, of whom one should be the deputy chairman, and the power of fixing rates, tolls, and rents was given to a committee composed of five of the shareholders' directors and four of the corporation directors.

With this short sketch of the history of the enterprise, I proceed to the works themselves. The point selected for the entrance to the canal from the tideway is at Eastham, six miles above Liverpool. The group of locks at Eastham will admit of a very large amount of shipping every tide, more particularly as on all tides above the ordinary level of the canal all the lock gates will be opened for a considerable period before high water. Spring tides will rise five to seven feet above the ordinary level of the tidal portion of the canal, which extends to the next group of locks at Latchford, a distance of twenty-one miles. Between that and the docks in Manchester there are three locks and a rise of sixty feet, corresponding to the total fall from level of water in Manchester Docks to level of tide, rising fourteen feet two inches above Old Dock Sill at Liverpool, this being the ordinary water-level in canal between Eastham and Latchford.

The works are of such magnitude that they could not have been carried out in the time by manual labor alone. Ruston and Proctor's steam navvies, of which there have been over one hundred employed, were able, under favorable circumstances, to fill seven hundred and fifty wagons per day, thus representing three thousand seven hundred and fifty tons for a day's work of twelve hours, each machine doing the work of two thousand men. In addition, from eight thousand to seventeen thousand men and boys were employed.

The rate of excavation varied from three-quarters to one and one-quarter million cubic yards per month. In the

soft cuttings and light alluvial soil and sand, Continental machines known as the Lübecker and the French were used; both of these were land dredgers. The French discharged the material from the top of the machine to the line of railway trucks outside, the Lübecker traversed over the lines of trucks and filled them as it went on.¹ The best day's performance of these engines was from fifteen hundred to two thousand cubic yards.

In order to carry out the works, it was necessary to construct two hundred and twenty-three miles of railway, use one hundred and seventy-three locomotives, two hundred and forty-five steam cranes, two hundred and twelve pumping engines, six thousand wagons, and a fleet of eleven dredgers and barges which carried out the "spoil" either to sea or up the Weaver to Northwich. The steam-power employed was about fifty thousand horsepower, consuming about ten thousand tons of coal per month.

In the estuary, as obstacles were thrown both by the landowners and the Mersey Conservancy to obtaining land for spoil, an artificial mound, one hundred feet high and three-quarters of a mile long, was raised on the land above the marshes, which received the name of Mount Manisty, and which is a striking feature in the middle distance of Mr. Leader's picture.

At Ellesmere Port there is an embankment faced with stone, one mile long, across an enlargement of the estuary; on each side of the foot of this embankment, close timber piling is driven, consisting of pine piles, thirteen to fourteen inches square and thirty-five feet long. Over thirteen thousand of these piles have been driven through sand without any trouble by the use of the water-jet principle. Four steam-pumps were used, which delivered the water at a pressure of about thirty pounds per square inch, through two-inch india-rubber pipes to the pile, where it was attached to an

inch and a half wrought-iron pipe, which was put down under water pressure alongside the pile. With this assistance, the steam pile engines quickly drove the pile.²

At Saltport the canal crosses the mouth of the Weaver, where a new port and a timber pond has been established; here in front of the pool, a massive row of sluices consisting of ten movable gates, each thirty feet wide, has been erected to give the river a free outlet into the estuary. The sluices are worked by a system of rollers on Stoney's patent, which removes the pressure of the water and enables the sluice to be lifted with ease.

The principal engineering novelty is the new aqueduct at Barton, eleven hundred feet long. The caisson, when full of water, weighs fourteen hundred tons. It is two hundred and thirty-four feet long by nineteen feet, with two spans of ninety feet resting on the centre. The old bridge, which was the first of its kind in England for carrying water over water, has been replaced by a still more novel and ingenious method of crossing the canal. The story was told of Brindley, that another engineer was called in and consulted as to the scheme, and the person consulted (possibly Smeaton) characterized the plan of the Barton Aqueduct and Embankment as instinct with recklessness and folly; and, after expressing his unqualified opinion as to the impracticability of executing his design, concluded his report to the Duke of Bridgewater thus: "I have often heard of castles in the air, but never before saw where any of them were to be erected." The present bridge exceeds in recklessness of conception all that Brindley ever imagined. The caisson is filled with water for the same depth as the Bridgewater Canal, and boats are passed along it over the Ship Canal. When vessels have masts too high to pass under the caisson, it will be opened like a swing bridge, the water being retained in the caisson by

¹ Paper read by Mr. Leader Williams before the Fourth International Congress on Inland Navigation; Manchester, 1890.

² On the Mechanical Appliances employed in the Construction of the Manchester Ship Canal, by Mr. E. L. Williams (with map), 1891.

lifting gates at either end. Similar gates will be used at either end of the aqueduct, leading to the movable caisson to maintain the water in the Bridgewater Canal.

Besides the entrance and four main sets of locks, there are four subsidiary locks to enable the Weaver and Runcorn traffic to cross the canal into the estuary, and as an entrance to the Warrington Docks.

All the lock gates have been made of the finest green-heart timber from Demerara, and the construction is so massive that the amount of timber used in the construction is three hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet.

There are two high-level bridges on the Cantilever principle at Latchford and Warburton. The largest swing bridge is that at the entrance of Salford Docks, being forty-six feet wide, and the gross weight of the swinging portion eighteen hundred tons.

The docks in Salford are placed on a level alluvial site with a rocky substratum along the banks of the Irwell, which formed part of the farm belonging to the old Hall of the Radcliffes at Ordsall; that was one of the meeting-places of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, and is described by Harrison Ainsworth in his novel of "Guy Fawkes." It was bought about 1780 by an ancestor of the writer, one of the founders of the Bridgewater Canal, with the fortunate prescience of its future value in the development of Manchester.

The docks in Manchester are on the site of the Pomona Gardens, well known as the scene of many large political gatherings in recent years, and are in a central position near the railway and the Bridgewater Canal. Both will be fitted with all modern appliances for the raising and storage of goods on the quays and will be lighted by electricity.

The passage of a vessel from the sea to Manchester will not occupy more than eight hours, including stoppages at the locks.

The sides of the canal are lined with rough masonry, and where the ground

is peaty and treacherous, fascines of willows are pegged into the banks to prevent the slips which in some places have occurred, owing to the sides being too steep.

At the commencement the work was divided into eight sections for the canal and two for the railways, each under a separate staff of engineers, with huts for the men, a hospital, a school, and a room for divine service when required; so that the moral and spiritual welfare of the navvies was well cared for.

After January, 1891, and the opening of the portion to the mouth of the Weaver, the work was let by contract in sections, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Wills taking the contracts under special terms, with the exception of the Runcorn section, which was carried out by day and piece work under the engineers of the company, the work going on night and day for the greater part of the time. The fleet of dredgers was also under the direct control of the company.

The minimum width of the canal is at the bottom one hundred and twenty feet, and the average width of the canal at water-level one hundred and seventy-two feet. The bottom width of the canal, between Mode Wheel locks and Manchester is increased to one hundred and seventy feet. Minimum depth twenty-six feet. (The Suez Canal was at first seventy-two feet wide and twenty-six feet deep.¹ The Amsterdam Canal is eighty-eight feet wide and twenty-five feet deep.) The width of the Manchester Ship Canal will allow of large steamers passing each other at any part of the canal, and where works are built on the sides of the canal for manufacturing purposes, the canal will be widened out to allow of shipping lying alongside wharves, without interfering with the passage of vessels up and down the canal.

It is not the occasion to detail all the difficulties which arose in the course of the works in meeting the requirements of public bodies and private works, but they may be summed up in the remark

¹ The Suez Canal has been widened and increased to twenty-seven feet in depth.

of Voisin Bey, who, on visiting the canal at the time of the International Congress at Manchester, observed that the difficulties of carrying out a canal through a highly populous and manufacturing district were much greater than those encountered in making the Suez Canal through a desert.

As in the Panama Canal the Chagres River was found the great difficulty, owing to its sudden rise of forty feet in the rainy season, so the Irwell, in a much less degree, by its sudden rise of twelve feet in a flood, by the deposit of silt and cinders from the towns and factories above and around Manchester, has added largely to the cost of the canal.

The diversion of the main lines of railway on high embankments, and the raising of five bridges over the canal so as to allow a headway of seventy-five feet above the water-level, the syphon of the river Gowy, and the subway to carry the Liverpool water-pipes under the canal, were but subsidiary portions of the greater work.

The time originally fixed for the completion of the canal was the first of January, 1892, and there is no doubt that, as far as regards the physical and engineering difficulties which were encountered, it might have been finished in that time, but the opposition of the Mersey Dock Board, under the ambiguous wording of the act of Parliament, led to an injunction being obtained which delayed the works in the estuary. This necessitated the application to Parliament in 1890 to place the tidal openings in the estuary sanctioned by the Mersey commissioners. This delay prevented the commencement of the works in front of the Weaver Docks till 1891, as they could not be interfered with till the canal from the mouth of the Weaver was opened, as an alternative route for the trade of the Weaver navigation.

This, the most difficult part of the undertaking, has been completed in about eighteen months, by taking the excavation of the canal "in the dry" and forming temporary dams in front of the Runcorn and Weaver Docks,

while the leasing of the Weston Point Docks from the Weaver trustees, enabled the traffic of Runcorn to be carried on after the closing of the ordinary entrances.

The main line of the canal being along the bed of existing rivers, the Irwell and Mersey, it has been necessary to divert their course and by a series of dams dig out the canal in the bed of the old river "in the dry." Thus these have been left to the last, until the water has been let in, so that they could be dredged out below the water-level.

The last important work which has been carried out since the 13th of July, 1893, has been the removal of the old lines of the London and North-Western and the Great Western Companies, of which the Ship Canal Company were allowed to take possession at an earlier date than that fixed by the act after a costly arbitration.

Even after the last work of excavation was completed there was considerable labor in clearing the bottom of the canal from the rails upon which the locomotives had been running, and in removing the steam cranes and other engines which were encumbering the bottom of the canal. After that was completed the filling of the canal commenced, which was done gradually; the pumps which have been kept constantly going to prevent the works being flooded by the land water were next removed. The canal below Warrington was thus gradually being filled with fresh water till the flood of November 26th temporarily raised the level of the canal fourteen feet above the normal line.

It has been asked, How is it that the original estimate has been so largely exceeded that it will cost fifteen millions? It has arisen from various causes. The original contract was for 5,870,000*l*. According to the engineer's original estimate, the total excavation was 45,976,950 cubic yards, but that sum has been largely exceeded owing to fresh works, widening the canal, and increasing the slopes, till it has reached 51,603,747 cubic yards. This difference

is accounted for as follows: Alteration of line of canal in estuary by Mr. Forster's committee, two million three hundred and ten thousand cubic yards; alteration of plans by Mersey Conservancy through the lowering of level of canal two feet between Eastham and Latchford, one million three hundred thousand cubic yards; temporary river diversions, filling up same, etc., one million two hundred and seventy-six thousand cubic yards; silting of canal between Latchford and Manchester (including material brought down in floods in November, 1890), nine hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards; flattening slopes partly due to floods of 1890, seven hundred thousand cubic yards; alteration and enlargement of Salford Docks, 1888, four hundred and seventy-five thousand cubic yards; silting of estuary sandbanks on line of canal, four hundred thousand cubic yards; alteration of line of canal at Ince, three hundred and six thousand cubic yards; straightening line of canal at Barton, one hundred and twenty-five thousand cubic yards; landslips, ninety-four thousand cubic yards—total, seven million nine hundred and thirty-six thousand cubic yards.

Thus it will be seen that unforeseen additions to the works, the larger amount of land to be purchased which was necessary to avoid the heavy claims for severance, the increase in the price of labor and materials by twenty per cent., and the further interest on capital, have all contributed to raise the cost. On the other hand, the work has been most substantially executed, and will not therefore be so expensive to keep up as if the materials had been inferior.

With regard to the supply of water, the Irwell has been in the past made the sewer of Manchester, and measures have been taken but tardily to exclude the sewage from the river, which is the main source of supply of the water in the docks. In the winter months, there are heavy floods which prevent the pollution of the river from becoming a nuisance; but Salford has now completed a system of intercepting

sewers, and has purified the sewage at works constructed at Mode Wheel, while the Corporation of Manchester have promised by next March to have the whole of the sewage of Manchester diverted from the canal and deposited on the silting beds below the locks. If necessity should arise, it will always be possible to pump pure water up from the lower sections into the Manchester Docks, to replace the water consumed in the locks.

The Manchester Ship Canal must not be judged merely as a commercial enterprise, as Lord Rosebery would class it, when he refused to notify its completion to foreign countries. It was fostered in its early days and succeeded in its difficulties by the Corporation of Manchester, as the unanimous outcome of the desire of the community to obtain a cheaper carriage of goods and raw material so as to enable them to compete with India and the Continent more successfully. The question, however, must be asked: "Will it pay?" It is difficult to direct trade into new channels, but there is no doubt it will attract new trades, and eventually along its banks will be an unparalleled concentration of works transferred there on account of the economy of production, either in obtaining cheap coal or cheap salt (the base of all alkali products) and facilities of transport.

The canal is not, like the Suez or Corinth Canal, intended to shorten the route between two distant points, but to open a new port with greater attractions than any other, in consequence of its central position in the midst of a population estimated, within fifty miles, of five millions and of seven millions five hundred thousand, which is nearer to it than any other port.

The object of the promoters is insured by the adoption of dock dues at Manchester, and rates on the Ship Canal, which are fixed by the act of Parliament at one-half the rates and dues charged on the various descriptions of traffic, using the Liverpool Docks and the railways to Manchester. It is proposed, however, to let all ships in free from dues during the year 1894.

Thus the saving effected in the transport of goods between Liverpool and Manchester is seen by the following scale of charges : —

Present Cost.	Dock Dues at Liverpool, Cartage and Rail.		Ship Canal Tolls and Wharfage.
	s.	d.	s. d.
Cotton	11	5	5 0
Wool	13	11	5 0
Sugar in casks and bags	10	0	4 0
Butter in casks	13	4	5 0
Eggs in cases	14	6	6 0
Grain and flour	9	0	3 0
Fruit (oranges)	12	5	5 0

The same proportion holds good, even in a greater degree, to other heavy goods, such as petroleum, timber, iron ore, and machinery.

The prospects of traffic as soon as the canal is opened are founded on the numerous applications for berths by the leading shipowners. The circulars issued by the leading cotton-spinners in Manchester and neighborhood to their clients; the desire of the fruit-brokers in Liverpool to hold weekly sales in the Manchester Docks; the establishment of foreign animal wharves in Manchester or Salford, promised by the Board of Agriculture under certain conditions; the requirements of the timber and petroleum trade, which can be far better complied with at various points on the canal than at Liverpool; the jute market will also be one of the most central in the kingdom.

The London and North-Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Cheshire lines are all preparing to connect their lines with the docks. At Partington coal port the coals from the Lancashire and Yorkshire coalfields can be at once tipped into vessels along the side from convenient platforms and will supply a return cargo to outgoing vessels. Salt and alkali works are also in close proximity at Acton Grange and Widnes. The Potteries will have direct water communication with the Ship Canal through the North Staffordshire and the Bridgewater Canal.

The consultative committee went fully into the prospects of traffic, and

reported that a large amount of traffic would at once be secured, probably sufficient in the first year to pay the working expenses. The extent of trade, as well as the population, has gradually increased since 1885; there is, therefore, no reason to expect that the traffic will be less than it was estimated in 1885.

The experience of Rouen and Frankfort-on-the-Maine tends to confirm this fact, that sea-borne goods will go as far inland as they possibly can.

The estimate of traffic on the Ship Canal within two years of its completion is founded upon evidence given in 1884 and subsequently by Mr. Marshall Stevens, which stood the test of criticism of railway opposition before Parliamentary committees, and has been corrected, after communication with the merchants and traders up to the present time, as follows : —

Under the heads of Cotton, Corn, Sugar, Provisions, Fruit and Vegetables, Timber, Textiles, Machinery, the quantity is 1,910,646 tons, giving a revenue of		£ 474,038
Of Metals, Coals, Salts, etc., 1,348,276 tons, giving a revenue of		102,791
Of other minor articles, 269,610 tons, giving a revenue of		65,023
Coast-wise traffic, including Manufactured Goods, Provisions from Ireland, Manufactures from Scotland, Wool, Tea, and Groceries from London, and other heavy goods, 600,000 tons, giving a revenue of		107,500

Total revenue two years after the opening of the canal to Manchester	£ 749,352
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This, besides the revenue from the Bridgewater Canal (60,000l. ?), and not including ten per cent. on dock portorage, would be sufficient to pay —

4½ per cent. on 5,000,000l.	£ 225,000
4 per cent. on Debentures	100,000
5 per cent. on Preference shares	200,000
3 per cent. on Ordinary shares	120,000
Working expenses	105,000
Total	745,000

This may be a too sanguine¹ view to take, but the large population, seven and a half millions, must be fed, and the cheapest freight is always to that port where there is the best chance of a return cargo. It is the interest of the shareholders and the ratepayers of Manchester to make the canal a success; a waterway is the most economical vehicle for heavy goods; there are no expenses for rolling stock or engines —

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

The canal will also be useful as an outlet to the working classes of a large manufacturing district, and from the excursions which have already taken place on the open section of the canal, it will be seen that trips down the canal will be a popular means of getting into fresh air, and a cheap water communication with Liverpool and the sea. Companies have been formed to run passenger steamers for that purpose, which will be able to take passengers not only to Liverpool, but direct to the Isle of Man and other places which are so popular in the summer months with Lancashire operatives.

The scenery along the canal when once one has left the manufacturing districts is not without a certain charm, and the views along the estuary of the Mersey, with the Cheshire hills in the background, formed the subject of the picture by Mr. B. W. Leader exhibited in the Academy of 1890.

I have endeavored to give a brief sketch of this great undertaking, which cannot be treated of exhaustively in a few pages. After six years' uninterrupted work at high pressure, the canal, which it was said could not and would not be made, has been opened for traffic. If the commercial and industrial prosperity of England is not permanently shaken to its foundations by industrial strikes and the combinations of trade-unions, there is a great future before the canal, and it does not require much faith or imagination to foresee a large development of industrial enter-

prise on its banks. If it succeeds, it will be the commencement of a new era in canals. All the large commercial centres will demand an improved system of canals for the transit of heavy goods. Sheffield and Birmingham will be among the first. A uniform width and depth for the subsidiary canals should be enforced in future, so that there should be no transshipment of goods as at present from small barges to large flats. The whole subject might worthily occupy the attention of a royal commission, and save some of the heavy expenses which are now consequent on an isolated inquiry before a Parliamentary committee.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

From The Strand Magazine.
SUN-DIALS.

THE visitor occasionally finds in out-of-the-way places primitive forms of dials, such as were used in Saxon, Norman, Early English, and mediæval times, and which, naturally enough, have a special charm of their own. A good hunting-ground for them, it seems to me, is on the south walls or doorways of our Norman and Early English churches, especially those which have escaped so-called "restoration." There is one at Lyminge, on the south wall of the venerable church, well worthy of notice. The church itself has distinct traces of Roman and Anglo-Saxon masonry, the fact being that a Roman basilica first of all existed there, then a Saxon church was built on its site, and later another church, which was added to by different archbishops—Wareham, Cardinal Morton, and others. Of the basilica, the foundations and portions of the apse were brought to light by the efforts of the well-known enthusiast in things antiquarian, Canon Jenkins (who is rector and vicar of Lyminge). The dial is cut rudely, but to a considerable depth, on a stone which undoubtedly originally formed part of a Roman villa (Villa Maxima de Lyminge), and is now built as one of the

¹ The nominal cost of the Suez Canal was 18,000,000*l.*, and in 1892 it paid eighteen per cent.

corner stones into the south wall of the nave, which wall was St. Dunstan's work (about 965 A.D.). Its position is about five feet four inches above the present ground level, and about fourteen feet to the right of an inscription pointing out the burial-place of St. Ethelburga, the queen (633-647 A.D.), daughter of King Ethelbert and wife of Edwin of Northumbria. At Merham—a little village between Smeeth and Ashford—there are to be seen traces of no fewer than seven ancient circular dials on the south doorway of the church (mainly Early English), five being on the right hand side and two on the left, a protecting porch of later date helping to preserve them. The largest one measures nine inches in diameter, and is still very distinct, the hole where the style, or gnomon, had originally been is deep, and about three feet above ground-level, and the radiating hour lines, ten in number, are regular in their disposition and end in little drilled holes. The other dials are irregular, partially obliterated, and so arbitrary in their arrangement that it is somewhat puzzling to decide as to how they could all of them have possibly told the same time.

In Dover Museum is a curious type of dial which, according to Mr. Loftus Brock, is of Roman workmanship. It was found in 1862, in Dover, on the site of the ancient Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand (founded by Wictred, king of Kent, 693-725 A.D.). It is a cube of oolite, between four and five inches square, with one heart-shaped, two semi-cylindrical, and two triangular-formed dials hollowed out of its sides. The Rev. R. Dixon, another expert on the subject, is of opinion that it was an engraved horizontal dial, made originally for some site in central France or Switzerland, and brought to Dover with the expectation that it would give the correct solar time there. A similar mistake was made in the year 263 B.C., by Valerius Messala, who, under the same belief, brought a Sicilian sun-dial to Rome.

In the garden of the residence of J. Cresswell, Esq., C.E., at Dover, is a

dial with five gnomons upon a handsome stone pedestal; the plate is of slate, designed and engraved by R. Melvin, London, but no date is given. The largest gnomon is in the centre, and the four smaller, of equal dimensions, at each corner. Upon the plate are engraved three mottoes, as follows:

Sic transit gloria mundi
(*So passeth the glory of the world away*).

Horas non numero nisi serenas
(*I count the bright hours only*).

Sol non occidat super iracundiam vestram
(*Let not the sun go down upon your wrath*).
Ephes. iv. 26.

The large gnomon in the centre of the plate gives our own solar time, that in the N.W. corner gives New York time (morning), that in the N.E. corner Alexandria time (afternoon), that in the S.W. Isle of Borneo time (evening), and that in the S.E. corner New Zealand time (night). On the outer border of the central dial, immediately beyond the numerals, the names of sixty-nine places are engraved, so that practically the time the world over may be readily calculated. The outside measure of the pedestal is slightly under two feet square, and the whole is rather over four feet in height. It is picturesquely situated on the Dover Hills—Dover Castle, which is quite close, lying due east of it; in short, it is a fascinating and singularly complete dial, with a delightful surrounding.

At Dunbar, on a dial, dated 1649, runs the motto: "Watch for ye kno not the houre;" and on one on the corner of a house near Edinburgh, dated 1683, is graven:—

As the sun runes
So death comes.

What a peaceful one is that on the walls of a church in the north of Yorkshire!—

In celo quies
(*In Heaven is rest*).

"Now is yesterday's to-morrow," is to be found on a slate dial in Nottinghamshire. "The night cometh," which is engraven on a tower of a church in Surrey, seems to embody the story all dials have to tell us.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
MILITARY BALLOONING.

LET us suppose that balloon and wagon have formed a junction, and are ready to start with the troops. Away goes the wagon, with the balloon hanging on to its tail, while the attendant sappers on each side keep it steady. The train moves along at a good round pace, easily keeping up with or even passing the infantry, and makes for the particular spot at which it has been determined to commence ballooning operations, which is usually on the top of a good high hill. An ascent is an easy enough matter, and soon accomplished. The balloon is securely fixed to the end of the wire-rope, and the two men who are to ascend take their places. At the word of command the men who have been holding down the car let go, and up shoots the balloon, unwinding the rope as it rises, and allowed sometimes to ascend to a height of a thousand feet. And suppose the officer receives instructions to move the position of the balloon, is it necessary to haul it down? Not a bit of it. A man is placed at the end of the wagon, who carefully guides the connecting rope so that it cannot get entangled or run risk of being cut, and away goes the wagon, sometimes at a trot, across fields, and up and down hill, until the balloon itself is a long distance away from its original station. Next, suppose that it is necessary to lower the balloon. Is it needful to wind in all the wire-rope that has been paid out from the reels? No such thing. The balloon is brought to earth in a much more expeditious manner. A long, stout pole, in the middle of which is a pulley-wheel, is laid across the rope. Half-a-dozen men seize the pole and run it along the rope, and their weight soon brings the balloon down to the ground. Passengers can then be exchanged, or any other operation can be carried on, and then the men run the pole back, and up shoots the balloon again many hundreds of feet into the air, without having been away from its exalted position more than a few min-


utes. But it is not necessary to lower the balloon in this or any other way whenever it is required that messages should be exchanged between those below and those above. There are various contrivances for doing this. Sometimes, for instance, a wire is attached, through which messages can be sent to a telephone. Another plan is to send communications down the wire-cable. A little wire hook is fastened round the cable, and the letter or paper, weighted with a small sand-bag, is sent fluttering down. The human voice, it may also be added, can be heard both from a considerable height and depth, so that verbal communication is not difficult if there is no wind. And now let us consider in what way the balloon is utilized when it is up aloft. It is, as we have already said, used for purposes of observation only; but the observations to be of any value must be of a recorded character, so that they can be made use of by the general in command. The observations are recorded in permanent form, partly by hand and partly mechanically. We have said that officers belonging to other corps than that of the Royal Engineers are from time to time attached to the balloon section. The duties of these officers are to make sketches or maps of the country which they see below them, and especially to note the position of troops. Where the country is already known the officer takes a map and a pair of field-glasses, and proceeds to mark on the former as quickly as he can all the bodies of troops which he sees. He is provided with two pencils of different colored chalk, with which he is able to indicate the position of his friends and that of the enemy. These sketches can be sent down in rapid succession in the manner already described, and handed to the orderlies who are waiting below ready to gallop off with them; and the general can thus be informed of any change made in the disposition even of the enemy's troops in a very few minutes.

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